CHRISTIAN REGISTER
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DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1838. NO. 906--VOL. XVII.— 0 51.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

PSALM XVI. 6. *'I have a goodly heritage.'*

I welcome you once more my friends to this altar of our holy religion on this day of thanksgiving and praise. I welcome you to this house of prayer to unite our hearts and voices in grateful songs and devout congratulations. I welcome you to this temple of our God, and our Father's God, to offer your humble tribute of thanksgiving for the care which has watched over you with a sleepless vigilance the past year—for the power which has nerved your arm to labor, and your hands to toil—for the wisdom which has directed you in your respective callings and duties—for that goodness which has crowned your labors with success, and has filled your barns and shops with the rich fruits of honest industry. I welcome you again to the services which this day, —a day of joy and sweet memory—brings with it, with a heart moved with gratitude for my own blessings. We have all reason for gratitude. A thanksgiving should be upon every lip, and in every heart. We have a goodly heritage. And this day is a fit opportunity to show our thankfulness for it. I greet then this hour of prayer—this hour of praise—these words of thanksgiving, these emotions of gratitude too full, too deep to be uttered.

The circling seasons have passed round again. Winter came down upon us from his habitation among the eternal snows of the North, and spread over the earth, with his icy fingers, the shroud of death. He breathed upon the brooks which came murmuring from the hills, and they froze. He looked upon the little birds, and they fled to the sunny regions of the South. He ruled with a sceptre of ice, and his voice came down from the mountain tops when he sat upon his frozen throne, in the howling sleet-storm. We shrank before him—we gathed round the high blazing fire—and drank deep of the happiness of social intercourse. He thought he should rule forever. But his sceptre melted from his hands—his throne dissolved under him, and the very mountain tops where before he had held his palace smiled at his departure. Spring came in her bright apparel. She touched with her delicate finger the leafless branch, and it was filled with odorous blossoms. She breathed upon the brooks, and they snapt their chains, and leaped down from the mountains again with acclamation. She walked over the meadows, and the green grass sprung up from the cold dead earth, and smiled as she passed on to the North. Her song was answered by ten thousand voices from glen and meadow, tree and grove. The voice of the husbandman driving his team 'a-field' accompanied the warbler's song, who made their music by his path. Then Summer came with her ripened fields of grain, her hay-time, and her harvest. High swells the bosom as the empty barns are filled anew, and the products of the earth are gathered for the food of man. Then Autumn comes with his reward of fruits, and the rich abundance of the latter harvest. He touches us with his cold finger, shakes from his locks the frosts, breathes sereness upon the green leaves, and, with a chilly look as he departs, bids us prepare for winter. All these seasons have passed by us in succession, since we met in this house for praise. And we have cause for gratitude that we have looked upon their grandeur, their beauty, their richness, their maturity. They have presented us seasons for contemplation, for thought. They have taught us lessons which reach beyond the earth. This day let the heart be grateful for them.

And we have witnessed other changes than natural. We have looked upon the human face divine. We have had intercourse sweet and joyous with our friends, we have given and received council, we have done good, or have had opportunities to do so. Our hopes have been disappointed, our hopes of joy have sometimes been embittered, loved ones have gone, a bud has been nipped, a flower has faded, an oak has fallen. But these changes we hope have done us good, these afflictions we hope have made us better. If so we have reason to rejoice. We have reason this day to be grateful that any loss should lead us to reflect upon our destiny. As a people we have great reason to be thankful that so many of those who have been attacked by disease, have been restored to health. And though familiar voices will not be heard by some families at the social board, we have cause, and they have cause for devout gratitude for the preservation of our own lives, and the lives of so many whom we love. No wasting sickness has visited, no disease has swept an uncommon number of us to the grave. We have cause for sincere thankfulness for the preserving care of our heavenly Father. Let then united praises go up from our hearts, that we are in the land of the living, that we can behold the sun and the sky still, that we have opportunities for doing good, and being good—in one word, that we have a *goodly heritage*. And that our gratitude may be a reasonable one, and the meditation of this hour profitable, I propose to consider in what respects our heritage is a goodly one. It is a heritage of Liberty, of Education, of Religion. To these three points of view, I propose to consider it.

I shall not dwell upon the vast extent of our domains, for greatness of territory without a virtuous population, would be a curse, and not a blessing. I do not dwell upon the fertility of our soil, for a luxuriant soil without good men would be a grief and not a joy. I do not speak of our commerce, which is upon every sea between the poles, for without liberty it would blight the soul. I do not speak of our rail roads, uniting the distant parts of the country with iron bands, for without education they could only be a means of crime. I call your attention to the three pillars, upon which our happiness, our success, our existence rests, these talismans handed down from the rock of Plymouth, on whose preservation our being as a people depends. For them we should praise God, and for the wisdom which achieved their deliverance from bondage, and the energy which brought them to these shores, and the devotion which rocked them in December snows, amid beasts, and savages, till they became broad as our land and high as heaven, we should cherish deep reverence. And this hour as we meditate upon their worth, let our souls burn within us with fervent gratitude.

I. First then I will speak of *Liberty* as our heritage. I mean not simply the Liberty of going about the streets, of holding notes which will prove me worth a thousand dollars, of eating at my own table without disturbance, of saying how many taxes I will pay, and who shall assess them, of saying what laws shall regulate the transfer of property, and who shall make them, of saying where roads shall be located, and who shall lay them out. I mean not this liberty which may or may not be worth something, as we are qualified to use it. I would not undervalue this liberty either, as a means it is of great value, perhaps as a means it cannot be prized too highly. But whether it be a blessing or curse, depends upon the use which is made of it. If it be used for a cloak of licentiousness, woe be to him who has it. If it be used for the promotion of virtue, happy is that people. Nor would I, either, undervalue the praise-worthy efforts of those who by much self-sacrifice, and great trial achieved this outward freedom. Let their memory be hallowed. Let us this day feel an obligation for their valor, and their wisdom, and let that tongue which shall attempt to rob their names of that homage which is their due, be silent.

Let me then not be misunderstood, in what I say, when I assert that this freedom is not the greatest freedom, which our forefathers have bequeathed to us, and which, by God's blessing, is our heritage. I refer to freedom of *mind*, intellectual freedom. Not freedom to own oxen, and barns, and fields, but freedom to think, to examine, to determine. I grant that outward freedom is good, but inward freedom is better, *infinitely* better. He who boasts of his rights as a freeman, in the common acceptation of that term, may be the greatest slave on earth; the veriest menial who drudges in the mines of the Turkish Sultan, may be freer than he. How little is true freedom understood. He who has a right to say who shall be his outward master, is supposed to be free. He may act under a bondage worse than Egyptian. He may be a slave to an appetite more despotic than the Russian autocrat, which will not let him sleep nor eat, till it is satisfied. He may be the slave of an error which will force him to make pilgrimages to Mecca, or of a superstition which forbids him to enter a dark apartment. He may be the slave of ignorance, so that the gibber of some fortune teller, shall bind him with a heavier chain than ever clanked at the heel of a southern negro. He may be a slave to party in whose service he sells his birth-right to free thought, and free action. He may be a slave of ambition, and barter his independence of spirit for the garland of fame. He may be a slave to popularity, and sacrifice conscience to gain a shout of applause, or to avoid a sneer. Outward bondage is nothing when compared with the bondage of the soul. The invisible chains which bind it, are strong as fate, and terrible as the magician's spell. You may place such a man under the tree of liberty, he may feed upon its fruit, and bask on its sunny side, he may take its leaf and drop it into the ballot box, he may cheer, and shout with freemen, and he is bound as fixedly to his invisible master, as this planet is bound to that sun. He is not a freeman. He may wear the stamp, and carry the flag of a freeman, but he is a slave still, a slave to the worst of bond-masters, a slave to himself. His soul has no freemen. Appetite chains his spirit to the dust, ignorance ties him to her chariot, and lashes him on to her work, superstition binds him with her chains, and staples him to her block. No outward freedom can free the enslaved mind. On the other hand, he who has a free spirit cannot be made a slave. Bind him with irons, chain him to the oar with the meanest galley slave, and he is free still. His spirit communes with truth, his soul is among the stars. His thoughts wander through eternity. He unravels the mysterious web of being. He teaches his master. He *is* master. True, his *hands* are manacled, but his driver's spirit is chained. The clay is bound, but the soul is an arbitrary monarch, sitting upon its high throne of thought and meditation, unassailed, unassailable. Said the Roman, we have conquered the Greek's country, and taken them captives, but they have conquered our minds; we have taken their soil, they have taken our freedom, and made us imitators of their own customs and laws.

The long catalogue of Martyrs to the cause of truth tells a story upon this subject which ought not to be forgotten. Who think you was the greatest freeman, in the only real noble meaning of that word, Charles the second, on the throne of England, defender of the faith, whose word was law, and whose law was tyranny, or Henry Vane upon the scaffold. He stood there free; his soul was a sovereign Lord; Monarch of wider realms than ever it entered Charles's thoughts, that a man could govern—the realm of his own spirit, and the boundless kingdom of truth. So when Sir Henry laid his head upon the block, he was a freer man than Charles, on the throne. He had acted worthily of his nature, and he knew it. 'Blessed be God,' said he, 'as he bared his neck for the axe, 'I have kept a conscience void of offence to this day.' And such slaves to fear are his persecutors that they dare not hear his dying speech, nor permit the people to hear it, lest truth should make itself felt. They ordered, therefore, the trumpets to sound, and the drums to beat to drown his voice. Who was the freeman, Henry, or Charles?

Mary, when her word was the death of any, whom her hate or superstition selected for its victim, was a greater slave, was less free, ruled less the world, ruled less England even, than her subjects who paid their lives for the freedom of their souls. No one can read her life without being pained at her absolute servitude to superstition, jealousy, and fear.

Outward bondage cannot crush the free mind. How few men understand this. Most think that obloquy, poverty, persecution, contempt, can harm the soul. They mistake its dwelling place. Like the eagle's, it is above 'the storm, the lightning, and the gale,' and looks down upon the rustling of their little tempest, and the glimmering of their pale lightning, and the rattling of their mimic thunder, as the stars look down from their high watch-towers in the sky upon the mists which rise from the fens in the evening. To attempt to awe the free soul by assailing the body, fame, appetite, honor, would be as vain as was the fabled attempt of the giants to assault Heaven, by piling mountains for their battlements. Said Latimer to Ridley, when the flames began to take hold of his body, 'be of good cheer, brother, we shall kindle this day such a torch in England as, I trust in God, shall never be extinguished.' And it was so. Truth cannot be burned nor beheaded, it rises from the ashes and bones of her martyrs with renewed youth and beauty. Dungeons, faggots, and racks could no more silence the voice of truth, than Canute's command could stop the swelling of the tide or Xerxes' chain bind the sea, or Alexander conquer the sun. To influence the freeman, you must appeal to his sense of duty, you must show him virtue or he is not moved. A threat is as powerless upon him as upon the ocean.

> As soon would the tall,
> And pillar'd Alleghany fall,'

as he prostrate himself before any shrine but truth's, or own any master but virtue. And this freedom of spirit has been bequeathed to us—it is our heritage. It is embalmed in the memory of those who braved the December storms of the Atlantic, in the frail May-flower, and built their huts on this 'rock bound coast' in dead winter, with wan famine for a companion, and pale disease for an attendant. We read it in the history of those,

> 'Who on these shores with trembling trod
> Ready to faint,—yet bearing on
> The ark of freedom, and of God!

who pledged themselves to the ocean, sky, and wilderness,—their only witnesses,

> 'One monarch to obey, one creed to own,
> 'That monarch God, that creed his word alone.

We too can think for ourselves. A struggle of light with darkness, of the outward with the inward, has terminated in the victory of freedom, freedom of thought.

Let us then, my friends, remember that freedom is something more than merely walking, and sleeping, and eating, when and where we please. The freeman is free in the deepest dungeon, and when chained to the block is freer than he who bound him there. Look within, then, for freedom, not without. See to it that when we boast of freedom we are not slaves, that when we think we are toiling in the service of Liberty, we are not grinding in the mill of the Philistines.

II. The second blessing which I was to consider as composing our heritage is *Education*. And this is the progenitor of that freedom of which I have spoken. I must confess that I am not a little surprised at the remarks which I read and hear respecting the pride of our country. Rail roads and canals, ships and cars, land and houses can no more make a country than pebbles can make a man. It is the intelligence of a people which makes a nation what it ought to be. It is the freedom of which I have spoken above. And this freedom cannot be bought. The blood of whole nations cannot buy it. More easily can you buy the stars. It is a product of the mind, and is to be obtained by education. And education cannot be bought any more than freedom, which it produces. Money is too poor a price to pay for it. You must *labor* for it. *Labor* is its tuition. Schools alone will not do it; teachers alone will not do it. We must feel that it depends upon ourselves. Parents then must show their children that an education is worth more than anything else, everything else. Could I but make the deep importance of this subject understood by every parent and guardian who hears me, I should feel that I had not spoken in vain this day. Permit me to speak plainly the feelings of my heart. Labor not to leave an outward fortune to your children, but an inward one. The former may be, alas! too often is their ruin; the latter cannot be taken from them, it is beyond the reach of loss. Instead of toiling to leave your child money, toil to leave him an education. Infinitely better leave him in the world with a cultivated mind, than a good farm. Children leave school too soon. They think their education is finished when it is but well begun. Our young men feel that fortune is the only road to honor, and freedom; our young women that elegant furniture, and fine apparel are the only qualifications for an honorable and happy life. O how false! how erroneous! how perilous? Let every parent show the child that intellectual, spiritual freedom is worth more than the world, and that it cannot be obtained but by education.

We have abundant cause to rejoice that our advantages for the education of the young are so good. That children here are so well furnished with what is so essential to their own, and their country's well being. Let us be able to boast that we have the best schools in the country, the best educated population in the state. Let us not be satisfied with any such poor praise as that we have the best farms but the least knowledge; the best stock, but the poorest men,—that on a holiday we can rally the most who are ready for a rout, but when virtue's hour of peril comes, or when science holds her jubilee, we have no champions. Rather let it be our praise, as it was the Roman matron's when asked for her jewels, to show our children,—to show men;—men who know what right,—truth, is, and how to perform it; what freedom is, and how it is to be obtained and preserved:—farmers, who will not sacrifice their duty for a better market,—mechanics, who will not trample on their virtue to save a customer,—professional men, who will not conceal the truth that they may have bread. This is the true boast of any community, any nation. And education alone can furnish these.

Did you ever hear a man of thorough education deplore that so much was spent in enlightening his mind? that he wished he had his money, and could exchange his education for it? I never did. That there may be instances of it I will not deny; but they must be very rare. On the contrary, I have often heard men of good fortunes lament that their parents did not give them a better education and less land, more knowledge and less gold. Let me say to you, fathers, that your children will bless your memory more for their education than their fortune. Put their fortune into their mind.

I am pained when any new measure is proposed for the purpose of fitting our own and our children's minds for freedom, that they are opposed on the ground of cost. It is true that there should be economy in education. But it is not true that it is extravagant to so train the child that he shall neither be his own slave, nor a party's slave, a mere *cog* in the machinery of society. Like the wheels of the throne of God in Ezekiel's vision, every wheel in government should be a living spirit.

I know it is thought by many that a farmer and mechanic need but little education. It would be true did we consider them as mere appendages of the plough and plane. But they are not so. They are men. They have souls, minds, as well as other men, which need and must have culture, and are capable of the highest culture, as well as other men. Never think of any profession or employment thus; never think of man as a tool, a thing; he is an immortal spirit, and should have the best education he is capable of receiving, first of all things.

Our fathers felt this, and they built the school house on these shores, amid the desolations of a savage wilderness. They knew the country would subdue them, and not they the country, unless the mind was educated. Thanks for the heritage of free schools;—for the opportunities of becoming learned. Let our gratitude be manifested by doing something more worthy still of our father's rich legacy. Let us be active in freeing the mind by educating it. Let us feel that when our children have gained one new thought, overcome one error, that they are in possession of what is better than a fortune. Let us seek to give them this heritage unharmed. Let us see that while we possess it, it is held sacred, and let our grateful hearts express our thankfulness for it this day.

III. The third and most important gift for which we should praise our Heavenly Father this day is *Religion*. This we enjoy in a much better degree than any nation upon earth. And we have abundant reason to bless God that the institutions of it have been so well attended and sanctified the past year. We can worship, too, as we choose. No inquisitorial spy stands at the door of the sanctuary to drag us to the dungeon unless we wear the rosary, and make the cross; for this let us be grateful. Above all, religion is what sanctifies all our other blessings. Without principle, education itself would be a means of evil, and liberty but another name for licentiousness. Religion is the foundation for all worth. An irreligious people can no more prosper, than a diseased body. No nation that violates moral duty, sets at defiance God's law, will long stand. We may rejoice in our short shighted wisdom, which makes government guilty of crime, thinking that a nation can do no evil. But the farewell of Liberty will, ere long, fall upon on our ears like the death knell of hope. I repeat it; that people which violates religious obligation, has a mortal ulcer at the heart, and that nation which is indifferent to the moral government of God will one day see the hand writing which seals its ruin on its walls, as Belshazzar saw the blazing line inscribed by the invisible hand in his palace. We should feel, as a religious people, that all duties are religious duties, and see that those who rule over us are religious men. There are temptations in high stations against which nothing but virtue can sustain them. The unprincipled, the inebriate, the caviller must not have it in their power to peril the destinies of this people. Citizens are bound to act for virtue as citizens. Their obligations to God do not cease when they leave the church, they accompany them to the polls, and hall of Legislation. We may for the present blind our minds to this truth by the dust which the shuffling of our own self congratulation raises, but the day will come when reality will cause us to know and feel that we have sold virtue for a viper.

This day, then, let us meditate upon our high privileges. When you gather round the festal board, tell your children, as did the people of God of old, what these things mean, tell them that liberty of mind is better than liberty of body, and teach them to beware, lest by rushing where the cry is loudest they are made slaves. Teach them that this freedom is, and can be sustained only by education, and that they are, therefore, to seek that above all things worldly; and finally teach them that religion is the sanctifier of education; without which man is but 'archangel ruined.' Teach them that this is the heritage which our fathers left us. Teach them to be like them. Teach them to hold sacred their memories.

> 'And may they never rest unsung,
> While Liberty can find a tongue,
> And be their fame exalted higher
> When glows religion's altar fire,
> Who to life's noblest end,
> Gave up life's noblest powers,
> And bade this Heritage descend,
> Down, down to us and ours.'

Go then, my hearers, from this place of our devotions to your homes, with grateful hearts for your blessings. Renew ere you depart, your vow at this altar to preserve your heritage unspotted. Gather around your tables, crowned with the rich products of the year, with sweet smiles, and happy words. Let your hearts glow with pleasure at the sight of those countenances which you love. Let kind wishes be passed from friend to friend. Let your own acts for the good of mankind come up in pleasant remembrance. And do something before the sun goes down for friendship, love, or want, which shall hallow your memory. Go; gather your children, and your children's children around you, and as their sweet voices ring out in merriment, let a sigh of gratitude escape from your lips, and a tear of joy start from your eye for these rich treasures, these jewels of heavenly lustre. Go; and may you through the year upon which you are entering enjoy the blessings which during the past year have crowned your labors. And may your heritage be,—as it has been your fathers', and as I pray it may be your childrens', and your children's children's unto the remotest generation.—LIBERTY, EDUCATION, RELIGION.

[From the Presbyterian.]

THE COULIN.

One of the most touching and exquisitely beautiful melodies extant, is the old Irish air, called, 'The Coulin.'

Those acquainted with it know, that there is a sweetness and sadness in the music, which find their way directly to the heart. But, notwithstanding that the music is universally admired, we have no words of a suitable character to accompany it. The original words, I presume, are in the Irish language, and the Old English words to which we have, in our early youth, heard it sung, though partaking of the sadness of air, are nevertheless altogether unworthy of the music.

When harmonized by Sir John Stevens, for the piano, Mr Moore wrote words for it, which although they partake of the inimitable character and sweetness of all his lyric poetry, are unsuitable as a general accompaniment, partly from the local and national, and partly from the political character of their sentiments.

In order to remedy this difficulty, the following verses were written for the author's daughter, who is taking lessons on the piano, and are published at the request of a friend, who supposes that others laboring under a similar difficulty, may find in them a similar remedy. The principal aim in the writer, was to accommodate the language to the slow and sad character of the music, and to be sufficiently brief for singing as an accompaniment to an instrument.

Oh! where shall the bosom with sorrow oppressed,
For its woe find a balm, for its weariness rest?—
When the wine-cup is sparkling, and fragrant, and bright,
Go seek for lost peace amid social delight.

Or where the bright eyes of the beautiful shine,
Where lips are more rosy, more fragrant than wine;
Go seek for a solace mid pleasure's gay train,
'Till joy shall revisit thy bosom again.

Ah me! I have sped to the banquet and ball;
And life's choicest pleasures, I've tasted them all;
And gazed upon beauty when brightest in bloom,
'Till fading it sunk in the night of the tomb!

Then tell me of something more lasting, more fair—
Of pleasures less fleeting than earth's pleasures are!
Like the shelter of Jonah, her comforts decay;—
When our need is the sorest they wither away!

Easton, Pa. J. L. G.

[From the Western Messenger.]

UNITARIAN REFORM.

If the stranger, visiting for the first time the city of Boston, chances to enter it by the way of Tremont street, he will hardly fail to be favorably impressed by the appearance of the public and private edifices on either side. He passes by the beautiful Common with its venerable avenues of Elms, he sees on the opposite side the splendid edifices of Beacon street, crowned by the State House, he admires in succession the Gothic irregularity of the Temple, the Grecian simplicity of St. Paul's, the lofty and graceful spire of Park street, and the granite fronts of the Tremont Theatre and the Tremont House. But here his attention is arrested by an ancient church in utter contrast with all of these. Its heavy square tower, its dark stone walls, its rude simplicity of structure shows that it is of other days. This is the Stone Chapel, the first Episcopal Church founded in New England, and which became, by a change of sentiments, the first Unitarian Church in America. The history of Unitarianism in America may begin from this event. One who stands in the night time amid the brilliant light which gushes from the portals of the Tremont House through its beautiful portico, and looks at that solemn pile, wrapped in darkness, and lifting its massive ancient tower above the adjoining grave-yard, might well fancy that it could tell many a tale of former times—if any among the votaries of business and pleasure would stop to listen.

It was in the year 1786, about fifty-two years ago, that James Freeman, being reader to the Episcopal congregation of this Church, became Unitarian in his sentiments. At that time, it will be observed, there were no preachers in the United States who had publicly proclaimed these opinions, though many in Massachusetts and elsewhere had entertained and expressed them. The congregation of the Stone Chapel, after listening to Mr. Freeman's reasons for his change of sentiment, found themselves, to his surprise, ready to go with him. They appointed a committee to alter the Liturgy, omitting the Trinitarian dogma wherever it occurred. They still wished, however, to remain connected with the Episcopal church; and accordingly requested Bishop Seabury to ordain Mr. Freeman as their Rector. As he declined doing this, they proceeded to ordain him through their Wardens. The neighboring Episcopal clergy, very naturally as it seems to us now, issued a kind of renunciation or excommunication of Pastor and Society. But it shows the great dislike which then prevailed among congregational Churches to any such assumption of one ecclesiastical body over another, that this manifesto (which we here subjoin) created a great public feeling in opposition to those who signed it.

The following is a copy of the Excommunication:

Whereas, a certain congregation in Boston, calling themselves the first EPISCOPAL Church in said town, have, in an irregular and unconstitutional manner, introduced a Liturgy essentially differing from any used in the Episcopal Churches in this Commonwealth, and in the United States, not to mention the Protestant Episcopal Church in general; and have also assumed to themselves a power, unprecedented in *said* Church, of separating to the work of the ministry, Mr. *James Freeman*, who has for some time past been their Reader, and of themselves have authorised, or pretendedly authorised him, to administer the Sacrament of Baptism and the Lord's Supper; and at the same time, most inconsistently and absurdly take to themselves the name and style of the Episcopal Church.

We the Ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose names are under-written, do hereby declare the proceedings of said congregation, usually meeting at the Stone Chapel, in Boston, to be irregular, unconstitutional, diametrically opposite to every principle adopted in *any* Episcopal Church; subversive of all order and regularity, and pregnant with consequences fatal to the Interests of Religion And we do hereby, and in this public manner, protest against the aforesaid proceedings, to the end that all those of our communion, wherever disposed, may be cautioned against receiving said Reader or Preacher (Mr. *James Freeman*) as a Clergyman of our Church, or holding any communion with him as such, and may be induced to look upon his congregation in the light in which it ought to be looked upon, by all true Episcopalians.

Edward Bass, of St Paul's Church, Newburyport.
Nathaniel Fisher, St. Peter's Church, Salem.
Samuel Parker, Trinity Church, Boston.
Thomas Fitch Oliver, St. Michael's Church, Marblehead.
William Montague, Christ's Church, Boston.
John C. Ogden, Queen's Chapel, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
December, 1787.

To show the kind of feeling with which this paper was regarded, we extract one from among many articles in the papers of the day now before us.

FOR THE CENTINEL.

Mr. Russel.—As the minister of the Stone Chapel, and the 'congregation usually meeting' there, do persist in contemning the Authority of their Mother Church, as declared in the late thunder of excommunication, and do still continue in the abominable sin of worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences; it will be necessary for the Church further to exercise their power, and to inflict such punishment as hath been heretofore ordained for such obstinate heretics. I have therefore for the benefit of the Bishops of the Convocation, transcribed the ancient writ of burning of Heretics, and formed it for the present case. A. B.

WRIT DE HÆRETICO COMBURENDO.

Commonwealth of MASSACHUSETTS, Suffolk, ss.
To the Sheriff of the said County of Suffolk, Greeting:

Whereas, the Reverend S. P. Bishop of Mass. and Legate of the Apostolic See, by the consent and assent and by the advice of the Bishops and their suffragan brotherhood: also of all the clergy of his province, in provincial convocation assembled, having duly observed in all things, the laws and order in their behalf required. James Freeman, formerly 'Reader' in the first Episcopal Church in Boston in the County foresaid, convicted of heresy and by him heretofore abjured in form of law; and the said James Freeman into the heresy aforesaid hath relapsed, and by his definitive sentence is pronounced and declared to be an obstinate heretic, and he is ordered to be degraded, and from every prerogative and privilege of a clergyman, for this cause, is in fact degraded; and also the wardens and vestry of said Church, and the 'congregation usually meeting' at the same, being convicted, and having abjured as aforesaid, and having so relapsed, are pronounced and declared to be obstinate heretics in the forms aforesaid, and are ordered to be degraded and from every prerogative and privilege of wardens and vestry, and of holy churchmen, for this cause are in fact degraded; and he the said James Freeman and the wardens, vestry and congregation aforesaid, are ordered to be delivered over to the secular power, and are in fact so delivered over, according to the laws and canonical ordinances in his behalf declared, and the holy mother Church hath nothing further to do in the premises.

We therefore, the avengers of justice, and supporters of the Catholic faith, willing to maintain and defend the holy Church and the rights and liberties thereof, and wholly to extirpate from the said commonwealth (as much as in us lay) all kinds of heresies and errors, and to inflict condign punishment upon heretics of this sort, convicted; and it is considered that heretics of this sort, convicted in the form aforesaid, and condemned according to the divine and human law in this behalf used and approved, ought to be burned with fire.

We command you, and strictly injoin it upon you, that the aforesaid James Freeman, and the wardens, vestry and congregation aforesaid, being in your custody and in some public and open place within your precinct, for the cause above alledged, in presence of the people, you commit into a public fire, and that in the same fire you cause the said James Freeman, the wardens, vestry and congregation aforesaid, to be burned and consumed, in detestation of the horrid crime, and as a public example to other Christians. In no wise omit this upon your peril.—Witness, S. P. at Boston, in his own name and in the names and in behalf of the other Bishops in convocation assembled the —— day of ——, Anno Domini one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight.

T. F. O. *Secretary.*

We give also extracts from a letter written a little before to Mr. Freeman by one of the gentlemen who signed the above protest. Its anticipations and prognostics, compared with the results, are a remarkable evidence of the short-sightedness of worldly prudence, and the true wisdom of obeying conscience and duty in all things. Mr. Fisher here attempts to dissuade Mr. Freeman from avowing himself a Unitarian, by motives of policy and prudence. How completely did all his predictions fail! The Church remains after fifty years, in the hands of Unitarians—the congregation, so far from repenting their course, increased and strengthened and remained attached to their pastor by the strongest ties of affection. The city, which according to Mr. Fisher, could not support a single Unitarian Church, contained more than twelve before the death of Dr. Freeman—and no difficulties ever arose between the pastor and people of the Stone chapel, except the difficulty of sufficiently expressing their mutual confidence and love.

Salem, May 27th, 1786.

Dear Sir:—By the complexion of your letter, which by the way, I do not much like, it is a matter fixed in your mind to be ordained by the dissenting clergy or the people. I have it to lament, among many others, that you cannot enter by the *door*, as we Episcopalians style it. *We* cannot exchange with you, neither do I see how the dissenting clergy can with propriety, and I am convinced that your Society will not be benefitted by such a step as you are about to take. Freeman, I am your sincere friend—let not the hope of reward or the fear of suffering ever lead you to do an *imprudent*, not to say a *wrong* thing. I suppose your present situation disagreeable; but it may possibly be more so. Will any but an Episcopal ordination entitle you and the people of the Chapel to certain interests and privileges in that house? Are you sure that part of your present flock will not be disgusted with your present plan? Men are mutable, and death may, and in turn will, cut down all the present heads. The most of them you have a right to outlive in point of age. Are you certain that you shall be able to convert numbers? New things generally please for a season; but I make no doubt your society would now, even this day, be as well pleased with the old prayer book as with their new one. This country is in its infancy; London affords no more than one or two Unitarian livings. Boston will do well, if it can even come up

half way to London. In short, I take it, you run a great risk in your present plan. You will be singular. And if, after settlement, any difficulties should arise at any time between you and your people, who can adjust them? But I have said enough, perhaps too much, for any but a real friend to say, and I remain your most obedient servant.

NATHANIEL FISHER.

This style of argument was not calculated to affect the determination of a man who was following the dictates of conscience and his convictions of truth. However disagreeable might be the consequences thus predicted, he felt it was far more disagreeable not to utter God's truth and speak his word plainly. In spite of all these prudential considerations, in spite of the fear of singularity and dread of running a risk, he believed and therefore he spoke. The result showed that the wisdom of the world is folly before God. Before his death he saw eleven other Churches beside his own in the city of Boston, professing the same faith, beside three free Churches for the poor. He saw throughout his state similar societies in every country. He saw the doctrines for which he had contended almost alone, received by thousands throughout the union.

This was the first step to be taken in the UNITARIAN REFORM in this country, and we have therefore dwelt upon it, at some length. From this time forward Unitarian sentiments grew more and more common in Boston and New England. For years before this, as appears from President Adams' letter to Dr. Morse, they had been entertained by separate clergymen and laymen in Massachusetts. But nothing was publicly said about it, and none stood before the world as holders of this belief. And the separation between the Unitarian churches and other congregationalists did not take place for many years after. It was not till what is known as the Unitarian Controversy had occurred between the years 1814 and 1824 that the liberal Churches generally adopted the name of Unitarian. The love of union and dread of sectarianism was so strong, that even then many shrunk from it and preferred to bear abuse and the accusation of concealing their sentiments, to the taking of a party name. Pretty generally, however, they at last adopted it.*

The Unitarian Controversy, to which we have referred above, was conducted on the Calvinistic side by the Editors of the Panoplist, Christian Spectator, and Spirit of the Pilgrims, Professor Moses Stuart and Dr. Woods, of Andover, and on the Unitarian side by Dr. Channing, Dr. Ware, Professor Norton, Noah Worcester, Mr. Sparks, and others. The principal works in this controversy are Dr. Channing's sermon at Baltimore and letter to Mr. Thacher, Professor Stuart's letters to Dr. Channing, Norton's statement of reasons for not believing the doctrines of Trinitarians, Letters to Unitarians by Dr. Woods, Letters to Trinitarians and Calvinists by Dr. Ware, Christian Disciple, General Repository and Review, Worcester's Bible News, Unitarian Miscellany, (Baltimore,) Sparks' Inquiry into the Moral tendency of Unitarian and Trinitarian doctrines, and the writings of B. Whitman. Besides these, other works might be named, of force and interest.

The Unitarian societies being thus generally established in their faith, measures were taken to confirm and extend their views and increase their religious influence. Of these the principal were the establishment of the Evangelical Missionary Society, (Incorporated 1818,) the founding of the Theological School at Cambridge, and the formation of the American Unitarian Association, in May, 1825.

From this time, the Unitarian Churches have been gradually increasing in number and influence, throughout New England and in the other states. Considering the great prejudice and opposition they have been doomed to encounter, their growth has perhaps been as rapid as we might expect. Controversy, in New England, has slowly died away. The Churches there are building themselves up on their most holy faith. Other churches cease to molest them, begin to sympathize with them, and acknowledge them as Christians. The Churches have rest and are edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, have been multiplied.

J. F. C.

*See some admirable letters by 'A Seeker' in the 3d volume of the Christian Examiner. In ability, spirit and temper they are models for controversial writing.

For the Register and Observer.

FEMALE EDUCATION AND INFLUENCE.

'Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor, may for want of expression, be a cypher without significance in society'—*Channing.*

There is a very strong prejudice, existing in our community against the exertion of feminine influence through the quiet medium of the press. I will not ask among what portion of our people, this prejudice had its birth, nor why it has not long ago died a natural death—but simply, if it has the slightest foundation in reason or common sense?

Christianity has done more for woman, than for any other class of human beings. It has raised her from the condition of a slave to the enjoyment of freedom, equal to that of him who called himself, of yore, her lord and master. It has restored her to a consciousness of her own abilities, and taught her to estimate those newly acquired privileges, as their intrinsic value demands.

Our Lord severely rebuked that unworthy servant, who wrapt up his talent in a napkin, and buried it in the earth; and if Christianity by elevating woman's sphere of action, by expanding her mental resources—has given her the power of self-examination, has revealed to her, the priceless jewel contained in that casket, which in times by-gone was valued only for its exterior—does it not command her, with authority, to bring it to the light, to exert herself to the utmost to add to its lustre, to improve its beauty, by cutting and polishing it, till it become worthy of its setting?

Her task is different from her companion's—for all true policy, consists in an accurate division of labor. Hers are the finer susceptibilities, the softer affections, the gentler powers of calming the agitating passions which convulse his bosom, soothing him amid the irritating experience of this every-day world, and watching over him with untiring patience and never-failing anxiety, when stretched upon the bed of sickness. His are the coarser attributes—he reasons more closely, examines *rather* more impartially,—draws more logical deductions, solves mathematical problems, and goes abroad into the busy world, reading men's thoughts, upon their foreheads, and stirring up the passions, over which she exercises the magic influence of gentleness. 'But at the threshold of her own dwelling, woman's influence should cease–' exclaims a masculine critic, who has imbibed the prejudices to which I have alluded. 'We have enshrined her, within our hearts, as the beau-ideal, of all that is lovely, delicate, and attractive. Let her beware how she breaks the spell. The fascinating influence of a modest and sensible woman, is lost when she attempts to dictate to the multitude, when, forgetting that the decrees of nature condemn her to a retired and domestic life, she strives to instil her sentiments into the minds of a nation.'

But there are some powers which woman possesses in much higher perfection, than man. Her perception is keener, her sense of the beautiful more acute, and shall she who derives the most exquisite pleasure from the productions of masculine genius and taste,—who through the medium of books, converses rapturously with the sages and philosophers of old, check the expression of sentiments which it is acknowledged would do honor to Plato, simply, because they are a woman's! Oh no! departed shades of Hemans and De Stael, of Montague and Grant forbid it—let the sex, that has so long ministered to our mental enjoyment—so freely poured forth the inspired strains of enthusiastic poetry,—still possess the privilege, from the exertion of which we have derived so much pleasure. Can any who have lingered over the pages of an Edgeworth or a Sedgwick, who listened to La Place, when warm admiration for the gifted Somerville kindled the imagination of the philosophical mathematician,—be so ungenerous as to desire for a moment, to deprive the world of monuments so honorable to female genius? If such women have been, such women may be—and let us not hastily deprive ourselves of the pleasure of reaping the fruit of their exertions—too many of their sex have laid the world under obligations which it cannot easily shake off. We must respect talent wherever we find it. It is a part of the Spirit of Perfection, which He breathed into the First Man—it is immortal, appealing to eternity, and producing as powerful effects on itself, as upon the souls of others.

Why is it that so few *women* exist? Why is it that the female sex, appears to be unconscious of its own high calling? why is it, that we are as a mass inferior in intellectual strength to the male part of our race. The exertions of more than one distinguished authoress, in the cause of science, within the last half century, have proved that it is as capable, of grasping concealed truths, of resolving perplexing and intricate principles, of grappling with mathematics, or comprehending the philosophy of mind. But one reply can be made, 'The evil rests in the deficiencies of early education.' I appeal to the results of every individual's experience and observation as the best evidence of the truth of my assertion.

Young *men* go through a regular course of classical study, at a certain age they enter college—and if they possess the slightest spark of ambition—they devote themselves for four years, to their books, that they may neither disappoint nor disgrace the friends who have sent them thither. How is it with the females of our community? Are they likewise subjected to severe mental discipline? Are their minds under the influence of any regular course of study, during even a few months of their minority? Such is seldom the case—for the first two years of existence they are placed beneath the superintendence of some well-qualified instructress in A B-ABS, and the mysteries of the 'polished shaft,' which every female is destined to 'ply' for the benefit of others, as well as herself. Between the ages of eight and twelve they are placed alternately beneath the care of an instructress or an instructor, as best suits the caprice of parents, or the vicinity of their residence, and if after they enter their teens, they are allowed to study French, Spanish or Italian, for a few months, with some attention to regular progression; more important studies are neglected, and ere a sixteenth summer has dropt its roses at her feet, many a female has left school for ever! What wonder then, that she is exceededin mental force, in love of literature by a brother! A woman's education devolves chiefly upon herself—such a course of study as I have described, is not calculated to inspire her with any uncommon desire to excel in composition; and if with Thomson's pastorals, or Milton's Paradise, are mingled sad recollections of 'personal pronouns' and 'reflective verbs,' of the teacher's ferule and the school-mate's reproach, what wonder that she should never turn to the pages of the one, to wile away the weary hour, or seek in the exalted strains of the other, a refuge from suffering, pain or disease?

C.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

RELIGIOUS CULTURE IN SCHOOLS. No. 3.

Mr Editor,—Having stated in reference to religious and moral culture, the deficiencies existing in our own schools, and having, in contrast with this, shown the attention which is bestowed upon the subject in the schools of other countries; we proceed in the next place to lay before our readers, the opinions of the friends of Education in this country, of the necessity of giving early and earnest attention to this important point, if we would secure the best good of the rising generation, and make our schools subserve the great purpose of strengthening and supporting our republican institutions.

Gov. Everett in an address recently delivered at Taunton on the subject of education, remarked, that 'it reflects lasting credit on the Prussian Monarchy that, *without admitting the people to a share in the government*, it has had the wisdom and courage to bestow upon them an admirable system of public education.' How much more is it necessary then that the system of education should be perfect, where the people *are* 'admitted not only to share in the government'—but where they are the goverment itself,—where by the exercise of the right of ballot,—of sitting in the Jury box,—of becoming legislators, representatives of the whole people, executive officers and teachers both of civil and religious duties, they are at once the subjects, and the law-makers; the body governed and the governing body,—the people and the prince! This thought not only suggests the necessity of an *intellectual* education, but also of a physical, moral and a religious one.

In a system of things where the whole nature is brought into constant activity, and is pressing its influence daily upon the events of every day, there is no escape from the conviction, that it is demanded of us that the whole nature be equally cultivated, educated, prepared to perform all its duties, in every relation of life, with equal intelligence, principle and power. No one who has reflected upon this subject escapes from the conclusion.

The Rev. Mr Blagden at the Boston School Convention expressed this feeling we believe in language wich will be responded to by nine tenths of our whole population. Referring to the Board of Education, and of their intentions as to this matter he says, 'He would have religion in its *liberal* but not *unevangelical* sense. He thought the combining of religious with intellectual education would be the surest method of preventing over excitement, and keeping the passions in check. It would give higher motives for intellectual effort,—it would cultivate all those feelings of mind and habits of body which are necessary to prevent knowledge itself from becoming a source of future sorrow. He said the cultivation of the intellect without piety was like putting a two-edged sword in the hand of a madman; and instanced the case of crime, where at the time when intellect was putting forth its freshest blossoms, it was a scene of moral desolation. *He therefore wished that whatever of a moral bearing could be given to this effort, might be given without delay; and he hoped not a hand of any party or sect would be withheld in carrying out what had already been begun.*'

Rev. C. Brooks who has given profound attention to the subject of education has the following remarks in a lecture delivered before the American Institute. 'I think we shall, ere long, acknowledge religion to be the true basis of human culture. It is in my judgment, the true system of education, what the Deity is to the true system of the Universe, the all-pervading principle of life.' In another part of the same address we have the following illustration. 'In the city of Hamburg taxes are never assessed on individuals; but the officers announce the amount per. cent. on the property, which the city require; and then each citizen goes on a certain day and deposites in the public chest what properly falls to his share. No one knows how much another pays, there is no responsibility but that which is furnished by each man's conscience and sense of honor; and yet the whole amount deposited never fails to bear the right proportion to the valuation of the city. Bremen is another instance of the same kind. I know many facts proving the same point. Is there moral principle in our cities or towns like this? Have we a *public conscience* in this country which can lift its head in the presence of these facts? Ask them the cause, and they immediately point you to the religious culture imparted in the elementary schools. I say again—that our republic needs such schools in order that we may realise such results.'

In an address delivered by the Rev. Mr Lunt before the schools and school Committee of the town of Quincy on the 4th July last, the subject of which was 'Moral Education,' we have the following opinion. 'With us intellectual education has been carried to a great extent. We have had our free schools, invented and handed down to their posterity by our ancestors, and they have done a blessed work for us. * * * But it is beginning to be felt that this is not enough. * * * As the world goes, there has probably been considerable attention paid to morals among us. But the progress of society has of late directed a new and closer attention to this department of education. Men are beginning to be more alive to this point, than they ever have been before, more aware of its transcendent importance in regard to the public welfare, and the question is beginning to be asked very earnestly—*whether something ought not and cannot be done, to make moral instruction more systematic, more thorough, more effectual.*

Gov. Everett says in the Address before alluded to, 'In whatever other respect, the advantages of Education might be dispensed with, when we consider man as a religious and immoral being, it is a shocking spectacle to see him growing up dark and benighted, ignorant of himself, of his duties, of his destination.'

Rev. Mr Adams of this city, while he felt and professed strongly his difficulties with regard to the feelings of sectarianism which were connected with the subject, nevertheless admitted the necessity of this principle in a course of education. He said, 'in the primary schools, it was a very small part of the object to develope the intellectual, but *a principal one was to cultivate the affections; and he confessed he did not know how this was to be done, if religion were not taught.*'

Mr J. T. Austin said, that 'without the control of moral principle, intellectual education is the greatest of curses. He was afraid that, because we have so many differences of opinion in regard to religious subjects, there may come upon our public schools a disregard of all religion.'

Let us add to these opinions which have been more recently expressed and which might be multiplied indefinitely, those of some distinguished men in former times. Lord Kames says 'It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head with very little attention to the heart.' Locke remarks that 'It is a virtue, direct virtue which is the hard and valuable part to be aimed at in education. * * This he says is the main point, and this being had, learning may be had into the bargain.' And Milton says, 'The end of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents, by requiring to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, make up the highest perfection.'

If such then is the admitted importance on all sides, of the value and necessity of this portion of education, why cannot it be had in our schools? What are the obstacles? Are they insuperable? Let us consider this in another number.

G.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

ORIGIN OL THE MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

In 1731, a negro called Anthony, who had contracted an acquaintance with the servants of Count Zinzendorf, informed them that he had a sister in the Island of St. Thomas, in the West-Indies, who earnestly desired to be instructed in the principles of religion; but as she had neither time nor opportunity for it, she often besought the Great God to send some person to show her the way of salvation. Anthony having soon after obtained liberty from his master to visit Herinhutt, again declared, in the presence of many of the congregation, the desire of his countrymen, and especially of his sister, for Christian instruction. But he added, that the negroes, in consequence of their accumulated labours, could have no opportunity of religious improvement, unless their teacher was himself a slave, to instruct them in the midst of their daily avocations. This representation, and what the brethren who had been to Copenhagen related concerning the state of Greenland, made a deep impression on many of the congregation; and several of them declared their willingness to go and labour among the poor heathen. Leonard Dober, in particular, and Tobias Heopold, one of his most intimate friends, felt so strong a desire to proceed to St. Thomas, that they offered not only to go to that island, but, with a philanthropy which perhaps has scarcely a parallel in the annals of history, to sell themselves as slaves, in order to make known the Redeemer to the negroes, particularly to the poor woman who so ardently longed for Christian instruction, should they find no other way of accomplishing their purposes. Some of the brethren expressed a similar desire to proceed to Greenland, and shortly after missions were undertaken to both countries.—*Canada Baptist Magazine.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 22, 1838.

REV DR CHANNING'S LECTURE 'ON SELF-CULTURE.'

From this able and excellent address, abounding in valuable practical suggestions, we extract the following remarks on the relations of the various classes of society, which are worthy certainly of the serious consideration of those who either are tempted to fear, or are disposed to foment, jealousies between the rich and the poor.

'Of our present political divisions I have of course nothing to say. But among the current topics of party, there are certain accusations and recriminations, grounded on differences of social condition, which seem to me so unfriendly to the improvement of individuals and the community, that I ask the privilege of giving them a moment's notice. On one side we are told, that the rich are disposed to trample on the poor; and on the other, that the poor look with evil eye and hostile purpose on the possessions of the rich. These outcries seem to me alike devoid of truth and alike demoralizing. As for the rich, who constitute but a handful of our population, who possess not one peculiar privilege, and, what is more, who possess comparatively little of the property of the country, it is wonderful that they should be objects of alarm. The vast and ever-growing property of this country, where is it? Locked up in a few hands? hoarded in a few strong boxes? It is diffused like the atmosphere, and almost as variable, changing hands with the seasons, shifting from rich to poor, not by the violence but by the industry and skill of the latter class. The wealth of the rich is as a drop in the ocean; and it is a well known fact, that those men among us, who are noted for their opulence, exert hardly any political power on the community. That the rich do their whole duty; that they adopt, as they should, the great object of the social state, which is the elevation of the people in intelligence, character, and condition, cannot be pretended; but that they feel for the physical sufferings of their brethren, that they stretch out liberal hands for the succor of the poor and for the support of useful public institutions, cannot be denied. Among them are admirable specimens of humanity. There is no warrant for holding them up to suspicion as the people's foes.

Nor do I regard as less calumnious the outcry against the working classes, as if they were aiming at the subversion of property. When we think of the general condition and character of this part of our population, when we recollect, that they were born and have lived amidst schools and churches, that they have been brought up to profitable industry, that they enjoy many of the accommodations of life, that most of them hold a measure of property and are hoping for more, that they possess unprecedented means of bettering their lot, that they are bound to comfortable homes by strong domestic affections, that they are able to give their children an education which places within their reach the prizes of the social state, that they are trained to the habits, and familiarized to the advantages of a high civilization; when we recollect these things, can we imagine that they are so insanely blind to their interests, so deaf to the calls of justice and religion, so profligately thoughtless of the peace and safety of their families, as to be prepared to make a wreck of social order, for the sake of dividing among themselves the spoils of the rich, which would not support the community for a month. Undoubtedly there is insecurity in all stages of society, and so there must be, until communities shall be regenerated by a higher culture, reaching and quickening all classes of the people; but there is not, I believe, a spot on earth, where property is safer than here, because, no where else is it so equally and righteously diffused. In aristocracies, where wealth exists in enormous masses, which have been entailed for ages by a partial legislation on a favored few, and where the multitude, after the sleep of ages, are waking up to intelligence, to self-respect, and to a knowledge of their rights, property is exposed to shocks which are not to be dreaded among ourselves. Here indeed as elsewhere, among the less prosperous members of the community, there are disappointed, desperate men, ripe for tumult and civil strife; but it is also true, that the most striking and honorable distinction of this country is to be found in the intelligence, character and condition of the great working class. To me it seems, that the great danger to property here is not from the laborer, but from those who are making haste to be rich. For example, in this commonwealth, no act has been thought by the alarmists or the conservatives so subversive of the rights of property, as a recent law, authorizing a company to construct a free bridge, in the immediate neighborhood of another, which had been chartered by a former legislature, and which had been erected in the expectation of an exclusive right. And with whom did this alleged assault on property originate? With levellers? with needy laborers? with men bent on the prostration of the rich? No; but with men of business, who were anxious to push a more lucrative trade. Again, what occurrence among us has been so suited to destroy confidence, and to stir up the people against the monied class, as the late criminal mismanagement of some of our banking institutions. And whence came this? from the rich or the poor? From the agrarian, or the man of business? Who, let me ask, carry on the work of spoliation most extensively in society? Is not more property wrested from its owners by rash or dishonest failures, than by professed highwaymen and thieves? Have not a few unprincipled speculators sometimes inflicted wider wrongs and sufferings, than all the tenants of a state prison? Thus property is in more danger from those who are aspiring after wealth, than from those who live by the sweat of their brow. I do not believe, however, that the institution is in serious danger from either. All the advances of society in industry, useful arts, commerce, knowledge, jurisprudence, fraternal union, and practical Christianity, are so many hedges round honestly acquired wealth, so many barriers against revolutionary violence and rapacity. Let us not torture ourselves with idle alarms, and still more let us not inflame ourselves against one another by mutual calumnies. Let not class array itself against class, where all have a common interest. One way of provoking men to crime is to suspect them of criminal designs. We do not secure our property against the poor, by accusing them of schemes of universal robbery; nor render the rich better friends of the community, by fixing on them the brand of hostility to the people. Of all parties, those founded on different social conditions are the most pernicious; and in no country on earth are they so groundless as in our own.

Among the best people, especially among the more religious, there are some, who through disgust with the violence and frauds of parties, withdraw themselves from all political action. Such, I conceive do wrong. God has placed them in the relations, and imposed on them the duties of citizens; and they are no more authorized to shrink from these duties than from those of sons, husbands, or fathers. They owe a great deal to their country, and must discharge it by giving support to what they deem the best men and the best measures. Nor let them say, that they can do nothing. Every good man, if faithful to his convictions, benefits his country. All parties are kept in check by the spirit of the better portion of people, whom they contain. Leaders are always compelled to ask what their party will bear, and to modify their measures, so as not to shock the men of principle within their ranks. A good man, not tamely subservient to the body with which he acts, but judging it impartially, criticising it freely, bearing testimony against its evils, and withholding his support from wrong, does good to those around him, and is cultivating generously his own mind.

I respectfully counsel those, whom I address, to take part in the politics of their country. These are the true discipline of a people, and do much for their education. I counsel you to labor for a clear understanding of the subjects which agitate the community, to make them your study, instead of wasting your leisure in vague, passionate talk about them. The time thrown away by the mass of the people on rumors of the day, might, if better spent, give them a good acquaintance with the constitution, laws, history and interests of their country, and thus establish them in those great principles by which particular measures are to be determined. In proportion as the people thus improve themselves, they will cease to be the tools of designing politicians. Their intelligence, not their passions and jealousies, will be addressed by those who seek their votes. They will exert, not a nominal, but a real influence on the government and the destinies of the country, and at the same time will foward their own growth in truth and virtue.

The suggestions relating to newspapers, and especially to the objectionable mode, adopted in some of them, of reporting criminal trials, are entitled also to attention. The ridicule sometimes cast upon offenders, and their crimes, is alike barbarous and demoralizing. It can have no other than a mischievous tendency. Offences against the law, and the punishments they justly incur, are too serious matters both to the culprit and to the community, to be turned into a jest. If reported at all, let it be done with gravity, at least, if not with compassion. However hardened may be the offender, it is not to be forgotten, that he may have friends, respectable and worthy too, who are already too deeply wounded.

BROOKS'S PRAYERS.

We have seen the *tenth* Edition. Some of these editions have been 4,000—some 2,000 and some 1,500 copies. This shows that the Unitarians are a praying people. The sale steadily increases.

A young physician once said to the author, 'I am, Sir, a stranger to you, but I introduce myself to say that your Prayer Book has been of more lasting comfort and service to me than all the human books I ever opened. From the time of my sickness to this moment I have read my Bible and that volume every day. It was given to me as a *Christmas present.*'

AMERICAN BOOKS IN ENGLAND.

A letter from a gentleman in London to the Editor of the Knickerbocker says that unusual attention has of late been drawn to American Books; and that 'the popularity in England of some of the little works by Miss SEDGWICK, Mrs CHILD, JACOB ABBOTT, etc., is really astonishing Tegg, in advertising a new edition of Mrs. Child's 'Frugal Housewife,' says, that '56,000 copies have been sold in England alone.' He also prints an immense number of 'Live and Let Live,' 'The Poor Rich Man,' 'Parley's Tales,' 'Uncle Phillip,' etc. At least six different rival editions of some of Abbot's works are published in England and Scotland.

'Indeed, there is beginning to be a brisk competition here in this business of printing American books for nothing; and we cannot consistently find fault, if the American authors do not reap the benefit of this popularity; for we have given them more than tit for tat in this sort of business; but the balance of accounts will soon be pretty nearly even, if not in our favor. It is a pity, that a fairer state of things could not be brought about. Parliament has passed a copy-right act for foreign authors, but only for those countries which reciprocate the compliment; and at present, no legal copy-right can be secured by an American in England.

'Many have supposed otherwise, as in the case of IRVING'S and COOPER'S works; but I believe the fact has never been contested in law.

'The American house introduced here the author's edition of 'Probus,' or the KNICKERBOCKER'S 'Letters from Rome,' which was immediately published by Bently, under the name of 'The Last Days of Aurelian; or the Nazarenes of Rome.' By and by, authors will be unable to identify their own works.

'The Americans are acknowledged to excel in making school-books, and not a few are extensively adopted here; such as ANTHON'S editions of Sallust, Cicero, and Cæsar; COMSTOCK'S Natural Philosophy; PARKER'S Grammar and 'Compositions;' Mrs PHELPS'S 'Female Student,' etc. etc.

A WAVERING FAITH.

How vast, is the ever restless multitude of the wavering and half persuaded! Of those who, to day, are drawn to the altar of this party, and tomorrow, of another. Who all their lives are halting between two, or a hundred opinions. Who listen from teacher to teacher, to help them to a decision, which they will not for themselves take the pains to reach. Who wander about from sect to sect, with the *balance* in their hands, heaping into the opposite scales, all the proofs and arguments that may chance to be offered to them on either side—astonished that it never settles. Who, wonder at others' tranquillity of conviction, and steady [illegible] upon their principles, and stability [illegible] ment of faith, for whose attainment, I willingly pay any other price, and make any other sacrifice, but the effort which alone can purchase it.

We propose to say a word or two, concerning some of the causes, which operate to make our religious faith unsettled.

One cause may be found, in the influences under which we have been educated. As early as we are baptized, we are baptized into a party. Before we begin to inquire and understand for ourselves, particular doctrines, the creed of some sect into which Christ has become divided, are brought to operate upon us. Reason is shackled before it is strong enough to act; and the Bread of life is imparted as nourishment to our infant minds, flavored by *sectarian leaven.* We are led to think much of party. Under the banners of what sect we shall enrol ourselves, is made the first and most earnest inquiry. And as we grow up, the instructions of infancy retain their hold; and, though we may think we discern the truth in some other than the beaten track, yet we are drawn back, and held down by these *bands of childhood.* We stay, when we would go. The old path retains us, because it is familiar, and those we love have trodden it before us, and a parent's hand, perhaps, has placed us in it, while thought, and experience, and study are beckoning us to a changed direction. The mind is necessarily unsettled, between influences restraining and reason propelling, between friends on the one side, and argument on the other, between what it desires and approves of itself, and what it has been taught to reverence and hold.

In this position at the present day, *almost* every man has found or may find himself placed. It is a momentous crisis in his religious life. It may prompt to that independent and diligent research, which shall set him directly forward in the way of truth. It may entice to that yielding up of reason, and that submission of the mind to protracted suspense, and perpetual dissatisfaction, which will rob his religion of all its life, and his character of the secret of its strength.

Another cause of vacilation, and half-persuasion, may be found in the variety of creeds, and the characters of their severe supporters.

Among the multitude of opinions, and the opposite systems professed and defended by the disciples of Jesus, it is next to impossible that the minds of the young, of the weak, nay even of the able and honest seeker after truth, should not sometimes be divided, bewildered, and troubled.

Sincerity and zeal, a show of evidence and confidence of truth, are almost equally distributed amongst all the variant sects; and the more frequently we associate with the advocates of either, the more difficult does it become to decide between their opposing claims. Good men, men of undoubted and exemplary piety and purity, men whose lives seem to reflect credit upon the principles of which they are the fruits, are found alike in the ranks of all. We doubt, perhaps, at first view, if they may not be deceivers. But, we scrutinize their worldly walk, and it needs not even charity, but only justice to allow that it is along the narrow way, and full in the presence of God. We take a still closer survey. We follow them to the domestic circle, and abide with them by the fire-side, but even this test does not condemn them. Their household is well ordered, and the social duties and social pleasures are sanctified and blessed by religion. We go still one step nearer to their hearts, we enter within the last and nearest veil that man can lift. We pursue them to the study and the closet, and still we see the meditative eye turned filially and adoringly to Heaven, and witness honest, studious inquiry after truth, and earnest prayers for illumination from the fountain of light.

Such men, who have our instinctive reverence, and deliberate, conscientious approval, men whom we would willingly have for intimates, coadjutors, models—we may select from the ranks of every religious party. We turn from one to another, undecided, wondering and at fault. But why should we turn from one to another? Why should we decide between them? Why give judgment that one is right and all the others wrong? Why not believe, as we actually observe, that all are sincere, that all are equally disciples of Jesus, that a portion

of saving truth is embraced by all, and is that which constitutes the foundation and the life of all. This is the decision of justice and charity, the result of a fair application of the test of the Savior, 'Ye shall know them by their fruits.'

Let us keep carefully impressed upon our minds, that the great question as it relates to our own duty, does not lie between one sect and another, one set of opinions and another, but between ourselves and God—between our own unprejudiced reason and the Heavenly truth. The less human reference in our opinions, the less sectarian conformity in our service of our master, the more exalted, the more free, the more useful, the more happy will be our characters and our creed. If this party would persuade us that truth is all on their side; that such or such articles are the unfailing test of discipleship, the *fountain* is as open to us as to them—there is no saving virtue except as we drink for ourselves—it is weakened, it is lost, by being brought through the channel of another mind. God is as accessible to our prayer as to theirs, and wisdom will be granted without upbraiding to us all.

Be it ours then, to draw no line of exclusion—to fan no spirit of party—but diligently, instead, to mark out the path of our own duty—and inspiring more and more of the holy and peaceful spirit which is from above, to diffuse its hallowed influence around us wherever we may be called to act. Let us see to it as in the presence of our Judge, that the grounds of our own faith are deeply and securely laid—that we believe with our whole heart what we profess to believe, that there is no secret misgiving, fruitful of torment, disturbing us while we worship in the mountain of our choice, that reason has been used aright in the formation of our religious creed.

BOMBARDMENT OF ST. JUAN DE ULLOA.

We have been filled with horror at reading the description of the terrible slaughter caused by the French in their recent attack upon the Mexicans.

It is difficult to realize that such a battle has been actually fought, and that such awful carnage has taken place, in this enlightened day, and so near to the borders of our own territory.

The circumstance proclaims to the friends of peace and virtue most eloquently, how little has been accomplished, how much remains to be done for tempering the sway of evil passions, preventing inhumanity and bloodshed, and christianizing Christendom.

The bombardment of Ulloa will wake up many a slumbering soul to an interest in the cause of Peace, such as it never felt before. A man only needs for once to have such an heart-rending and abominable scene brought distinctly before his mind, and to contemplate it soberly, to have his spirit kindled within him to a holy jealousy in behalf of humanity and God.

It sends a chill of disgust to the heart to hear how coldly, and as if it were a choice matter for the connoiseurs in the arts of wholesale bloodshed, some of our presses descant upon the affair. For instance, a New York Paper, without an expression of abhorrence says:

> The capture of the fort of *St. Juan de Ulloa*, by a small squadron of frigates, after a bombardment of a few hours only, is a very remarkable feat of arms, and demonstrates great skill on the part of the French attacking force.
>
> The Castle has always been reputed as very strong, and, if defended with any sort of efficiency, ought, one would suppose, to have made a much better resistance.
>
> The engineering, however, of the French frigates, seems to have been admirable.
>
> Such results occasioned by a comparatively small force may lead to some doubt whether it be worth while hereafter for any country to spend large sums in fortifications, which a few hours and a few ships, properly equipped and managed, may raze to the ground.
>
> Steam-batteries, perhaps, will constitute henceforth the chief defence of sea-ports.

CORRESPONDENCE OF A MISSIONARY IN THE WEST.

LETTER I.

November, 22d, 1838.

CONVERSATION IN A CANAL BOAT.

An individual coming as I did, from the midst of New England people, where belief and practice in matters of religion are in a good degree settled, soon finds that every thing is changed about him. He is moved when he sees so many about him, whose respect for sacred things, has not 'grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength.' He becomes painfully sensible of the extremes in belief and practice which are common to this community. One soon discovers that where crude and unphilosophical views of religion are entertained, they are exceedingly crude, and furthermore that they who *dissent* from such views, by a very natural consequence, soon become sceptics, and base their scepticism upon very erroneous notions.

I was early made to feel the interest felt by Western people in the subject of religion. While we were quietly pursuing our journey on board the Canal Packet, an intelligent and apparently, very respectable man entered freely into conversation with me. Among other topics, he spoke, and with much freedom of the state of religious opinion and feeling among his neighbors. (His place of residence is a hundred miles west of this.) His respect for things sacred seemed deep and sincere. I could not but feel gratified to see how unwilling he was to indulge even an honest dissent from what he felt was the best form of Christianity he should be likely to enjoy. By his guardedness, I might have been led to suspect that he was sounding my own feelings on the subject of religion. But it was sufficiently evident that he spoke in the sincerity of an honest, reflecting heart. He spoke of the serious difficulties, which he thought encumbered the views of Christianity, which were statedly presented to him. He was not willing to reject them, for they were the only, though an insecure, anchor to the soul. I became interested in the conversation, and felt a strong sympathy for my neighbor. I expressed as well as I could, my own views of religious truth, and gave my reasons for my faith. He was not a man to adopt any thing rashly; and in a very tranquil manner stated objections as they rose in his mind. I met them as fully and fairly as I could. I admired the tone and temper of his remarks. Although the discussion was carried on in an undertone, yet very soon, I found that we had many hearers. Our fellow passengers without obtruding themselves, took positions which enabled them to hear the conversation, and I am disposed to think, they were actuated quite as much by a real interest in the subject of religious truth, as by the want of occupation. Our conversation ended by my neighbor acknowledging that my views struck him favorably, though they were new to him. I have perhaps given you too much of this little incident. But is it not probable that there are thousands in this region of mental and bodily activity, who in the exercise of a strong intellect, have discovered the imperfection of the popular creed, and have, if not openly, yet in their hearts, renounced it? To such, I believe, our views of religious truth would come like a heaven-sent messenger. The attention of the people to this subject was evidenced by another fact. During the early part of the conversation above alluded to, two young men were seated on the opposite side of the Packet, very busily engaged in discussing the scriptures. One in the depth of his scorn for some grossly erroneous doctrine, seemed to have utterly rejected the scriptures. The other had enjoyed better opportunities for learning their meaning and was endeavoring to restore the faith of his friend, by better views. But I was struck with their exceedingly imperfect and mistaken views of the sacred writings. I am persuaded that both these young men would have listened patiently and gladly to a correct exposition of the sacred volume. May we not infer something from these facts concerning the spiritual condition of the people of this region?

CONDITION OF THE STATION.

With regard to the Society with which for the present, I am directly connected, I am happy to say that their affairs appear prosperous. Though few in number they are 'of good cheer.' It is gratifying to see that their number is steadily increasing. If they are faithful, they will open an asylum to the many whose religious faith has been shaken and remains unsettled. Our meeting-house will soon be finished, and the occasion of its Dedication is one to which we look forward with a strong interest. May the house become truly a house of God, and a gate of Heaven. I have preached two Sabbaths, and shall supply the desk four more. What the intentions of the people beyond that, are, I do not know.

Very respectfully, your friend and Brother,

——.

LETTER II.

Nov. 24th, 1838.

FAVORABLE IMPRESSIONS.

All my favorable impressions concerning this people have been amply confirmed. I have now become personally acquainted with them. I know something of their character, feelings and wishes. Though the Unitarians of this place, (at least, those who are avowedly Unitarians) are not numerous, still they will compare favorably with any of their brethren elsewhere in intelligence and respectability. Without cant or religious affectation, they sincerely desire the preaching of a rational and pure faith. To this end they are willing to make great sacrifices of personal interest and comfort. Some of them have heretofore been connected with Presbyterian and Episcopal Societies, and though they have never disguised their sentiments, they have nevertheless been treated with great respect and deference. These persons are now making the effort to establish Unitarian preaching for themselves, and the consequence is they are treated with the most marked neglect by those who once were ready enough to do them reverence.

I have been much gratified to see the perfect calmness, the Christian tranquillity with which such a change has been met. It augurs well for the character and the prospects of this little flock.

I am glad to see that it is neither a spirit of hostility to other sects, nor a mere love of novelty, that animates this people. To most of them, Unitarianism is no *new* thing. They grew up under its influences; their religious character was moulded by it. It is dear to them, not only for its inherent truth and power, but because it is associated in their minds with their New England homes, with the manly counsels of a father and the tender guidance of a mother. They wish still to enjoy and to perpetuate its influences. Said a mother to me the other day, 'I earnestly wish to feel that we are established as a Society. My children begin already to question me about religious doctrines, and I want to put them in the way of obtaining light and receiving correct impressions.'

The other religious opposition Societies in this place are doing something for us. Their assaults are so coarse and unchristian, that the eyes of the people are kept open by the very effort to close them. I thought I had had some experience of the violence of bigotry; but I confess I have witnessed new illustrations of 'zeal without knowledge.' The wrath of man will be made to praise God.

Our Chapel will not be finished as soon as we hoped. There will be a delay of a week. Next week probably, the Dedication will take place. I shall continue to supply the desk till Sunday, Dec. 16th. I shall leave directly after.

NECESSITY OF A STATED MINISTRY.

I think it of great importance that some one should come here, and *stay* here. I do not think that many transient supplies, will meet the wants of the people. In all Societies, a powerful bond of union is a common interest in their minister. They who regard *him* as a known and tried friend, regard each other as friends. Then again, frequent changes beget a *curious* spirit, a love of novelty, 'itching ears,' a desire to 'hear some new thing.' Furthermore, there is wanted in this place an established Unitarian minister, one whose excellence, as an intelligent, accomplished, pure minded man and devoted Christian, cannot be questioned. There is wanted a living, breathing, active illustration of Unitarianism. Such a man will gradually work his way into the good graces of this community. He will prove the only successful refutation of the coarse slanders that are heaped upon our name and cause.

MISTAKES IN REGARD TO WESTERN CHARACTER.

And with your leave, I will add a word as to the qualities requisite in such a man. At the East, I think we have rather a *monstrous* idea of the people of the West. We are apt to think that here are unusual developements of human nature, that Western people are a blustering, rough and tumble race, even in their religion. We hear a good deal about Western Orators, their energy &c. For my part, I find people here very much as I have found them elsewhere. They expect the man who addresses them, to be *alive* in thought and in speech; and who, I would ask, does not? They wish to be satisfied that a minister is *in earnest* when he preaches; and to them it matters very little, whether that earnestness betray itself in the tones of deep though controlled emotion, or in the tremendous tones of a Boanerges. I believe that *sound sense* will in the end, do as much among them, as brilliancy or acuteness. At any rate, whatever talent is exerted among them, it must be sanctified.

I believe it is in the power of every young man of ordinary endowments, possessing a tolerable knowledge of men and things, and able to adapt himself to different characters, to gather around him a large and flourishing society, a people whose tastes he might mould to his own, and over whom he might exert all the influence that a Christian minister could expect or desire.

I remain very truly yours, —— ——.

(From our Correspondent at Washington.)

No. III.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 11th, 1838.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Sir,—The customs of a place are always a matter of interest to a stranger, more especially the observance of the Sabbath. I was struck, last Sabbath, with several appearances which contrasted strongly with the quiet and orderly observance of holy time in the land of the Pilgrims.

The first appearance which arrested my notice was that of a boy passing along the street, with a pair of skates hanging over his shoulders, equipped for play. I turned to a friend sitting by, and asked if such sports were tolerated here. 'O yes,' said he, 'you will see boys engaged in pastime every Sabbath. It is a common practice.' He remarked further that it excited no wonder here, and was deemed no offence to good morals by a large portion of the community, such practices being freely allowed by the Roman Catholics, who are very numerous.

In returning to my lodgings, I had not gone far before I saw several young negresses, from fourteen to sixteen years of age, running after a ball, and laughing, shouting and romping, (and that too in a much frequented part of the city) as though a regard for modest demeanor had never been impressed upon them. This was between 4 and 5 o'clock, P. M. But, not to cast any undue reflections upon the colored population, the next spectacle was that of a large number of white boys playing about the ruins of the old Post office, at a game apparently akin to the northern game of goal. The noise was by no means inferior to that caused by a large school just let loose. Indeed boys were lounging all along the streets. At another corner was stationed a gang, some of whom were throwing stones without any very definite aim; but just as I passed, this want of aim was happily relieved by the appearance of two or three stout pigs, which were speedily assailed with stones of all sizes, so that fears might have been reasonably entertained that the poor animals would report to their owners a few broken ribs. The swine, however, were considered lawful game, inasmuch as their running at large is contrary to a city ordinance.

Such were some of the practices which, with you, would have been held flagrant violations of the peace of the Sabbath. But I am told that in the depth of winter you will see every spot of ice covered with skates; that in the fitting season gunning is a very common recreation, so that the report of the musket is no more a matter of surprise, than the sound of the bell. What would New England say to this? Yet to such a state of things is it verging. Last fall, in my own neighborhood, this offence was perpetrated, I believe for the first time, and that too by a set of idlers who came from a manufacturing town at no great distance. Public sentiment was exceedingly shocked; yet the public seemed only stimulated to correct the enormity by a regard to their private property, which suffered not a little from the depredations of the Sabbath-breakers.

I have mentioned these things, Mr Editor, not with the design of casting a slur upon the good citizens of this place. It would be uncharitable, nay wrong, to judge of a people from a few instances like these,—from a few hasty impressions. Though these practices deserve condemnation, I am happy to add that I have witnessed among many here, as reverential a regard for the Sabbath, as exists at the North. During my sojourn here, I have seen houses of worship filled with large, nay, crowded audiences, in appearance, the most respectable and attentive. But the signs of the times are ominous, ominous of a growing laxity of opinion, and of a decrease of religious feeling amongst the young: for how can we preserve a sacred regard for religion where its institutions are contemned or neglected? It is a strong inducement to the religious teacher to relax no effort to preserve the youthful mind untouched by irreligious and unhallowed associations.

But I must break off with signing myself your friend, VIATOR.

No. IV.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 14th, 1838.

Mr Editor,—Though at first sight Congress may not seem to have accomplished much, thus far, yet its action has by no means been unimportant or uninteresting. On the contrary the proceedings of the House of Representatives have been uncommonly exciting, though so artfully managed as in a great measure to stifle debate.

In the House, last Monday, Mr Dromgoole, of Va. proposed a great innovation in the rules of that body, namely, the election of its officers *viva voce*. The proposition was carried by a large majority, but not without a warm debate. I cannot conceive that this would have been effected had not the plan worked favorably in the late election of Clerk. It was defended on the ground of principle: on the ground that every member is responsible to his constituents, and that too in each and every act; and that by abolishing the secret ballot the constituent would be better able to judge of the course of the representative. It was further defended by the example of Virginia, where it had long been in operation. It was very ably opposed. Mr Briggs, of Massachusetts, besides other objections, said, 'our mode of voting should be that which leaves a man on the most elevated and independent ground,' and remarked on that provision of the Constitution by which, in a certain event, the election of President is to be decided by ballot. Mr Reed, of Massachusetts, pressed home the latter argument very strongly. But notwithstanding the weight of argument was in my opinion indisputably against the resolution, still the resolution was carried. How soon the advocates of this measure will have cause to lament its adoption, I will not attempt to predict; but, however plausible it may appear from its present operation, people would do well I think to recollect a remark which fell from a distinguished statesman from Virginia, speaking of this mode of election in that state, that 'many of the consecrated forms of freedom, have been perverted to the worst of purposes.'

But I must hasten from this debate, which, though highly interesting, may appear tame in so brief a notice, to another topic vastly more exciting, I mean Atherton's resolutions on the subject of slavery. It is unnecessary for me to quote them. You will have seen them long before this letter reaches you. They would have elicited the most exciting, and perhaps the most stormy debate, had not debate been precluded by the application of that apt and potent engine, the *previous question*. But every effort was made that could be made to check the hasty adoption of these resolves. To attempt a detail of these efforts would be wearisome. Whenever and wherever a question could be raised the *ayes* and *noes* were ordered, and hour after hour was spent in calling them. Mr Wise struggled violently against them, but was promptly put down. He demanded that the South should be heard on this subject. He said the resolutions would not satisfy the South. I was at first surprised at his course, inasmuch as most Southern gentlemen voted in their favor: but it soon appeared that he was more particularly averse to the third resolution, which declares, that the agitation of the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia or the Territories, 'as a means and with a view of disturbing or overthrowing that institution in the several States, is against the true spirit and meaning of the Constitution,' &c. He would gladly have expunged this qualification, and have denounced abolition in the most strong and unqualified terms. But no; the resolutions were too astutely worded to allow this, and so they all passed, and with their passage all access to Congress would seem to be cut off to abolition, at least for the present. J. Q. Adams, indeed, offered a resolution yesterday, which declared that, as the powers of Congress were derived from the Constitution, so no action of the House could curtail or rescind those powers: but even to this they refused to listen. In short, the Atherton resolutions were, it is said, got up for the express purpose of putting a stop to Mr A.'s unwearied exertions to introduce the question of slavery. Every word of his seems to be watched, and every thing that savors of abolition is promptly met. He seems now effectually silenced, but he bears an undaunted front. On every one of Atherton's resolutions he treated the House to what Napoleon called, 'a magnificent no;' and it is really a curious problem how far the wily and long versed statesman will find means to break the meshes by which he is surrounded. But I have no space for farther comment. Several topics of later interest occur to me, but must wait another time. Your friend, VIATOR.

P. S. This morning a hot debate has arisen, on the presentation of certain anti-slavery petitions by R. Fletcher, which shows that Wise was opposed to Atherton's resolutions, because, they did not go to prevent the reception of slave petitions by the House at all. The speaker has decided that the question of reception cannot be raised, but that such petitions upon presentation must be laid upon the table. The South goes to the extent of denying that any one has a right to petition Congress on this subject.

THE ROLLO BOOKS.

The agreable and instructive series of Books under the above title is from the pen of a justly popular juvenile writer—indeed to say that they are Abbot's, is to give them, in the regard of many, high commendation.

Little Rollo will be a favorite with children.

We learn that the Rev. Mr Brooks of Hingham has been elected by an unanimous vote of the Council of the University of the city of New York, 'a member of the Faculty of SCIENCE AND LETTERS,' also 'a member of the Faculty of MEDICINE,' and 'Professor of Natural History' in the university. We understand Mr B. will visit Europe next season for objects connected with his new duties.

N. B.—The Marriages, Deaths, Intelligence, etc., are crowded out.

NEW BOOKS.

We have never seen so large or so good a collection of books for Christmas and New Years, as are now on the counters of our Bookstores. In addition to those noticed in former papers, we would mention 'Tales and Ballads,' a beautiful volume by Caroline Gilman, at Wm. Crosby's. Marshall's Life of Washington, at Carter and Little's. Peter Parley's Bible Stories, at Munroe and Francis': also the life and character of Rev. Samuel H. Stearns 2 ed. at J. A. Stearns's, 3 Cornhill.

Riches without Wings, or the Cleveland Family. By Mrs Seba Smith. Boston: George W. Light. 1838.

This book inculcates excellent morality by an attractive and well told tale.

Dr FOLLEN'S LECTURE ON PANTHEISM.

We were unable to attend Dr Follen's first Lecture, and have not succeeded in procuring any abstract of it from any friend who heard it. We have understood, however, that it was interesting and worthy of its erudite and accomplished author.

The Thanksgiving Sermon on the first page is a voluntary offering to the readers of the Register by the Minister of Leomister.

INTELLIGENCE.

Eastern Railroad.—The number of passengers over the Eastern Railroad, the quarter ending the month, was 70,533 1. 2. The current quarter, being the most comfortless and unpleasant season of this year, will probably show some diminution in the number of passengers; but the two ensuing quarters may reasonably be expected to exceed as much as the present falls short of the number of the first quarter. It is now evident to all, that the number of passengers over this road, is to be reckoned by hundreds of thousands per annum.

The ninety thousand dollars of scrip granted to the company last winter, has never been sold by them, but was pledged on loan to one or more of the banks in Boston. Certificates to the amount of ten thousand dollars have already been redeemed and we are informed another large sum will soon be taken up.—*Salem Gazette.*

Imports and Exports. From a document appended to the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, as printed by order of Congress, it appears that the value of merchandize imported into the United States during the commercial year ending 30th September last, was, in round numbers, $112,000,000; of which, $69,146,000 was imported free of duty; $22,650,000 paid duty *ad valorem*, and the remaining $29,204,000 paid specific duties. Hence it appears that more than half the merchandize imported into the United States, is duty free.

The exports during the same year amounted to $103,136,000; of which, 90,666,600 in value consisted of American produce, and the remaining 12,578,000 of foreign. Of the foreign 8,043,000 was exported free of duty; 2,090,000 paid duty *ad valorem*; and the remaining $2,337,000 specific duties.

The imports have been larger than could have been anticipated, considering the embarasments of the country, especially of trade and commerce. In fact, with the exception of three years next previous, and excepting also the years 1807 and 1817, they never have been so great in any former year. Again, with the exception of the four years next previous and excepting also 1807, the exports were never so great in any former year. The domestic exports were never so great, except in 1835, 1836, and 1837 —*Journal of Commerce.*

Late from Mexico.—By the French steamer Meteor, arrived last night in 60 hours from Vera Cruz, intelligence was received that the castle of San Juan de Ulloa was taken by the French fleet, bombardment of three hours, with a loss of only four men by the blockading squadron, and from four to five hundred Mexicans.

A messenger came in the Meteor, and hurried to Washington being the bearer of important despatches. Three frigates, four sloops of war, and four bombketches, silenced 160 pieces of Mexican artillery, in less than *four* hours, and killed and wounded six hundred men of the Mexican garrison.

The Mexicans capitulated, and were allowed to retire; the fortress was immediately occupied by the French.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

The treasurer of the Mass. Evangelical Missionary Society acknowledges the receipt of fifty dollars from Ladies of Rev. Mr Peabody's Society in Portsmouth N. H.

LECTURES ON PANTHEISM

DR. FOLLEN will deliver a course of four Lectures on *Pantheism and the Personality of the Deity*, at the New Jerusalem Church, in Phillips Place, on four successive SUNDAY EVENINGS. The 2d lecture will be delivered next SUNDAY EVENING, at seven o'clock.

The price of tickets is one dollar for a single ticket, and three dollars for a ticket admitting four persons.—Tickets may be purchased at the Bookstores of James Munroe & Co., Crocker & Brewster, and Marsh, Capen & Lyon.

dec 22

A discourse on African Missions and the moral wants of Africa, will be delivered by Elliott Cresson of Philadelphia, at Rev. Dr Channing's Church, Federal Street, on Sunday Evening next at 7 o'clock.

BOARD.—Good board and lodgings may be obtained, by members of the Legislature, in a respectable private family, by inquiring at the Office of the Christian Register. ep4t d 22

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This day published, for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. d22

LATE PUBLICATIONS.—The Motley Books, with 10 plates
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WEEKS, JORDAN & CO., 121 Washington st. have for sale—
The Diadem, a book for the Boudoir
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☞ The above completes the list of English and American Annuals for 1839, all of which are for sale at 121 Washington street, together with a large assortment of Books in fancy binding, for presents.
dec22

SKETCHES OF MARRIED LIFE, — by Mrs Follen.
This day published, for sale by JAMES MUNROE & Co. d22

SCHOOL LECTURES. The ninth lecture in the course, will be delivered, at the Hall opposite the Savings Bank, in Tremont Street, on Wednesday next, at 3 o'clock,—by Rev. A. B. Muzzey. Subject: 'Moral Education.'
Teachers, parents, and the public generally, are respectfully invited to attend throughout the course.
G. F. THAYER—*for the Committee.*
Dec. 22.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS GIFTS.
ANNUALS. — Friendship's Offering, Christian Keepsake, Religious Souvenir edited by Mrs Sigourney, The Gift, The Token, Parlor ScrapBook, Violet, Juvenile Forget me Not, Youth's Keepsake, Youth's Annual, The Lily.
ALSO—The Rolling Ridge a book of four and twenty chapters, Young Lady's Friend, Young Lady's Gift second series, Young Lady's Aid, Mrs Sigourney's Letters to Young Ladies, My Daughter's Manual, Young Man's Aid, Young Man's Assistant, Young Man's Friend, Young Man's Guide, My Son's Manual, The Young Wife and Young Husband by Dr Alcott, Home Education, Fireside Education by the author of Parley's Tales, Book for Parents, Italian Sketch Book, Man in his Physical Structure and Adaptations by Robert Mudie, Scenes and Characters illustrating Christian Truth edited by Henry Ware Jr., Brooks's Monitor, Brooks's Prayers, Henry Head and the Valleys below by J. Abbot, Simple Sketches by Rev. J. Todd, Hannah More's Works, Maundrell's Journey to Jerusalem, Hours for Heaven, Hints to young Tradesmen, Greenwood's Lives of the Apostles, Mrs Hemens's Poems.
JUVENILE BOOKS.—A great variety of Juvenile Books, among which are the following recent publications—Parley's Christmas Tales, Parley's Christmas Gift, Moral Lessons & Stories embellished with elegant engravings, Histories from Scripture for Children with engravings, Pleasing and Instructing Stories for children, Amusements for Little Girls, Leisure Hours, Rollo at School, Rollo's Vacation, Holiday Stories, Book of the Months, Social Amusements, Rose and her Lamb, Gift for Children, Tales and Sketches by a Christmas Fireside, The Lofty & Lowly Way, Riches without Wings, Ellen Gifford, or Genius of Reform by the author of the Palfreys, Sketches of Natural History by Mary Howitt, Tales in Verse by Mary Howitt, The Life of Christ in the words of the Evangelist with engravings, Stories for Youth, Moral Fables, Evenings at Home new edition, Parlor Magic, Home Scenes, Barbauld's Hymns in Rhyme, Marmaduke Multiply, Leisure Hour Book, &c &c, with a large collection of English Colored Toys.
DISSECTED PICTURES.—An assortment of thirty six different kinds of Dissected Pictures. Also Dissected Maps, Games on Cards, Port Folios, Albums, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Silver Pencil Cases, a variety of patterns.
For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS,
d22 79 Court st, corner of Brattle st.

REMOVAL.—JOSEPH DOWE has removed to No. 22 Court street, Tudor's Building—and has for sale, an assortment of English and American Stationary &c., and of the new and valuable Juvenile Books. d22

ANNUALS.—The Token, The Gift, Christian Keepsake, Religious Souvenir, Sacred Offering &c, some at reduced Prices, for sale by
JOSEPH DOWE,
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NEW SCHOOL IN ANDOVER.
THE subscriber having had experience in teaching, proposes to establish in Andover a Classical Boarding School on a new and improved plan. He has secured one of the finest locations in the vicinity. It unites the advantages of healthfulness and retirement with a convenient proximity to the Depot of the Boston Rail Road, the Post Office, the several churches, and the chief centre of business.
He has in view the accommodation of those parents, who may wish to place their sons in a situation where they may be constantly under the care of their instructor, where they may receive more particular attention and be more thoroughly instructed than they possibly can be in a large public school, where particular attention will be paid to moral conduct and general good deportment, as well as to the intellectual improvement of their children; where their instructor will superintend them in their hours of relaxation as well as study, and in all respects act the parent as well as the preceptor.
In this plan of instruction the subscriber will avoid the prevalent error of wholly separating English studies from the languages. He intends in the instuction of his pupils, to blend the study of Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Elocution, Composition, History &c, with the languages so as to give an agreeable variety to the objects of pursuit, while it will not essentially retard their progress in the acquisition of classical learning. He designs that his pupils by the time they have completed the prescribed course under his superintendence, shall be prepared to enter college, and also well accomplished for almost any department of business.
It is proposed to adopt the German method of teaching grammar and of frequent reviewing, and the English plan of reciting select portions of the classics from memory. This, he would remark, is not an *experiment*. He has in years past adopted it with his pupils with the most happy success. In giving instruction in some branches, particularly Geography and the elements of Arithmetic he is impressed with the advantage which *illustration*—whereby the eye assists the ear—has over mere words. He has found there is a variety of expedients, that may be adopted by the Instructor by which the pupil may be led to *notice* what he reads and hears, and to *retain* what he has acquired He may thus be led to the formation of good *intellectual habits*, a most important consideration in the science and business of education.
The pupils will be amply provided with the means of innocent and healthful diversion. They will be encouraged to engage in invigorating athletic exercises, as physical education may be regarded not onas important in itself, but as essentially aiding the developement and growth of the intellectual powers.
There are in the place four houses of public worship of different denominations. Parents will be permitted to designate the church at which their children shall attend.
The school will be opened for the admission of pupils the first week in January ensuing. Lads will be received between the age of seven and sixteen. The number is limited to *twelve*. TERMS including board, tuition, fuel, light &c., are two hundred and fifty dollars per year. P. S. EATON.
Andover, Nov. 13th, 1838.
Mr Eaton would refer to the following gentlemen who in years past have had children under his tuition, viz. Hon. Josiah Quincy, President of the Harvard University, Rev. Professors Wood and Stuart, Andover; Hon Judge Williams, Taunton; Rev. Dr Tuckerman and Lowell Mason Esq., Boston. He would also refer to Rev. Hubbard Winslow, Rev. S. Aiken, Rev. Samuel Barrett, Edmund Quincy Esq, and S. Barrett, Principal of the Adams school, Boston. 3t.

NOTICE.
THE second quarter of Mr and Mrs B. KENT'S Day and Boarding School for Young Ladies, will commence on the 3d of December—Monday after Thanksgiving.
Terms, for Board or Tuition, made known on application to them at their residence in Roxbury, corner of Zeigler and Warren streets, or to Rev. E. S. Gannett, or Mr G. F. Thayer, Teacher, in Boston.
n24 5tispd

PURE SPERM OIL.
E. T. HASTINGS, 101 State street, has constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.
Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1stf

CHURCH LAMPS.
BRONZED CHANDELIERS, with from 3 to 12 lights. Pulpit Lamps of a variety of patterns. Also a general assortment of Astral, Mantel and Reading Lamps. For sale by
HARRIS & STANWOOD, 29 Tremont Row,
nov. 3. 1s8w

POETRY.

'SLEEPING IN JESUS.'

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep:
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the lash of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woes shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Savior's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious 'hiding place:'
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!

Mrs. Mackay.

EXAGGERATION; OR, THE SPOILED BONNET.

'I 'm weary, weary of the world, and every thing I view,'
Fair Emma said, as on a lounge her graceful form she threw;
'Friendship is false, and love a farce, and pleasure all a show;
Smiles flutter upon faithless lips, bewildering as they glow;
I hate mankind, I hate myself, the very earth I scorn,
And wish, poor miserable girl, I never had been born.
My father wonders at my grief, mamma cries fie upon it!
But oh, I 'm sure she never spoiled so beautiful a bonnet!'

Just then a servant oped the door, with bandbox crackly tied;
'O Bella, darling, is that you?' the drooping maiden cried;
'I thought you never would have come—how could you be so slow?
Is it the very, very shape, the spreading front, you know?'
Quickly the knotted string was cut, the loosened cover raised,
Then brightened up fair Emma's eyes, enkindling as they gazed:
'Oh what a heaven of a shape! the ribbon how divine!
And how becomingly it suits this azure scarf of mine!
Quick, Bella, my mantilla get, run, child, be quick, I say,
I must abroad, for every thing is beautiful today!'

Southern Rose. C. G.

(From the Newark Centinel.)

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND IN ADVERSITY.

Thou, thou wert ever only dear,
In joy our sorrow, peace or danger!
Then start not, love!—'tis but a tear—
Then start not at a trembling stranger!
I weep not for the wealth we had,
Or fashion's idle splendor fleeted;
Oh! no—'tis that thou lookest sad—
'Tis for thy sighs so oft repeated!

Thou dear one, smile as once thou smiled,
It 't is for me thy tears are flowing;
Some little cot—lone, simple, wild,
Where nameless flowers around are growing,
Shall shine a palace proud to me,
If thou art there to point my duty.
Delightful scene! while, blessed by thee,
Each morn shall breathe of peace and beauty.

Though cheeks that glowed and hearts that vowed
Are gone, when fortune fails to cheer thee—
Yet, love! far happier from the crowd,
One heart unchanged is beating near thee!
Though all those sunshine friends are flown,
Who thronged our blooming summer bower,
Oh, say, thou art not all alone—
I'll share—I'll cheer this adverse hour!

Nay, sigh not thus—thou dost not see
Tears wrap my cheek in pensive sadness,
'T is ecstacy to mourn with thee,
Yet bid thee hope for days of gladness!
Wealth is not bliss. Look brightly round,
Recall past scenes of peace and pleasure,
When on Passaic's banks we found
Love, simple, pure—life's truest treasure!

How oft at twilight's holy calm,
Beside that dear secluded river,
We drank the valley breeze's balm!
Was there one roving wish? Oh! never.
Then was the maple, trembling green,
With some lone fountain mildly sporting,
Sweet emblem of the happy scene—
Serenely bright and ever courting!

And love—true love—doth yet remain,
With thy fond wife's unaltered bosom:
Nor wilt thou feel regret or pain,
While Heaven leaves one fadeless blossom!
Oh! thou art lovelier far to me—
Far dearer in this hour of sorrow!
For I can think of only thee—
Wish for thy sake a brighter morrow!

(From the Knickerbocker.)

SONNET: TO DEVOTION.

'Deh! fos' il mio cuor lento, e'l duro seno,
A chi pianta dal ciel, si buon terreno!'

Oh! when the wild wind sobs upon the ocean,
And the pine-forest's howl in agony,
And yells the huricane along the sky,
Commingling air and sea in wild commotion;
Then come to me, thou Spirit of Devotion!
And fling thy majesty around my soul,
While in the sky the solemn thunders roll,
And Night's high heart beats with a grand emotion.
Then, while the keen and serious midnight gale
Prepares its wild and melancholy dirges,
And Ocean rouses his orchestral surges,
And the trees creak upon the mountains pale;
Let me but taste thy high society,
And of thy soul, my soul a part shall be.

Utica, (N. Y.) 1838. H. W. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELI WHITNEY.

Eli Whitney, Esq. inventor of the Cotton Gin, was born in Westborough, Mass. 1765:—made a violin when he was only twelve years old;—shortly after, he took his father's watch in pieces, and put it together again, unknown to his father, and without any assistance. During the revolutionary war his principal employment in summer was farming, and making wrought nails in winter. What time he could redeem from his regular employment he spent in repairing violins, making long pins for the ladies to fasten on their bonnets, in making walking canes, and in similar trials of his mechanical ingenuity; making his own tools, and executing his jobs to the entire satisfaction of his employers. At the age of nineteen, he was desirous of a liberal education, but could not obtain his father's consent. At the age of twenty-three he entered the Freshman class in Yale College, graduated in 1792, and gave his father his note for money advanced towards his education. In 1793, he invented the Cotton Gin, a machine for cleansing seed from cotton, and in June of this year applied to Mr Jefferson, then Secretary of State, for a patent. By this ingenious invention the cotton-growing districts were trippled in value. In January, 1798, he turned his attention to the manufacture of muskets, and entered into a contract with the United States Government for the manufacture of ten thousand stand of Arms, which at thirteen dollars and forty cents each, amounted to one hundred and thirty four thousand dollars. The site which he purchased for his works, was at the foot of the celebrated precipice, called East Rock, within two miles of New Haven. This spot, now called Whitneyville, is justly admired for the romatic beauty of its scenery. Such impediments retarded this undertaking that the entire business relating to the contract was not closed until January, 1809, and the final balance due Mr Whitney was only two thousand four hundred and fifty dollars. So low was the state of the Mechanic Arts in the United States at that time, that he had to rely mostly on his own inventive powers, and to manufacture his own tools as he advanced; yet such was the confidence of Government in his mechanical skill, and sterling integrity, they advanced the necessary funds to carry on the business. Mr Calhoun once said, that Government has saved at its two armories twenty-five thousand dollars annually by Mr Whitney's improvements in this branch of business.

In September, 1822, he experienced the first attack of his complaint, which threatened his life; an enlargement of the Prostrate Gland. For three weeks the event was very doubtful, during which time he suffered occasionally paroxysms of pain, of from thirty to forty minutes in continuance, even beyond description. These were repeated six or eight times in twenty four hours. For six weeks he was confined to his room, at the end of which time he was able to walk about the house, and enjoy the society of his friends. Early in January, 1823, he had to endure another period of suffering no less alarming and distressing than before. With such alternations of awful suffering and partial repose, he reached the 12th of November, 1824, at which time his sufferings became almost unremitted until the 8th of January, 1825, when he expired; retaining his consciousness to the last, closing his own eyes, and making an effort to close his mouth. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of his fellow citizens, who assembled in one of the churches, where an appropriate religious service was performed. His tomb is after the model of that of Scipio at Rome. The foundations of the monument are laid at the bottom of the grave, on each side, and lower than the coffin. An arch of stone is thrown over the coffin, and the structure then rises solid as an ancient temple. The material of the monument is the fine sandstone of Chatham, Conn. The several layers of stone are composed each of one stone only. On Mr Whitney's tomb is the following inscription:—

ELI WHITNEY.
The inventor of the Cotton Gin.
Of useful Science and Arts, the efficient patron and improver.
In the social relations of life, a model of excellence.
While private affection weeps over his tomb, his country honors his memory.
Born Dec. 8th, 1765.—Died Jan. 8th, 1825.

A Yankee Trick.—In Gov. Butler's recent message to the Legislature is disclosed the startling fact that the ammunition in the State Arsenal at Charleston, 'obtained generally from abroad, is not to be trusted in, frequently containing *peas* and *corn*, instead of *ball* and *buckshot*. *Quere*: Was not this ammunition purchased to prosecute the *peaceful* remedy of nullification, and was not the fraud, above referred to, an ingenious Yankee device, to disarm nulnification of its terrors, and render it as *peaceful* as it professed to be? Our question is pointed at *both poles*. If our surmise be correct, this new exploit of Yankee ingenuity, will render wooden nutmegs, and horn gun flints hereafter not worth mentioning. Viewed in this light it would be a practical joke of the first water. [Charleston (S. C.) Courier.

Various Modes of Salutation.—The predatory and wandering Arab, knowing the value of repose, wishes his 'Salem aleikum,' or peace be with you, to his friend. Among the poor of China, the common inquiry is a very important one, 'Ya Fan?' or, 'have you taken your rice?' The morning salutation with the Dutch lovers of full meals, is, 'Smaakelyk eiteu,' or, may you eat a good dinner. Another of their salutations is, in allusion to the general occupation of the county, 'Hoe vaart awe?' or, How do you sail? At Cairo the usage is, 'How do you sweat?' a dry skin being in those parts prognostic of a destructive ephemeral fever. In the 'Como esta?' or, how do you stand? of the Spaniards, we can trace the proud gait and national solemnity. So in the Frenchman's 'Comment vous portez vous?' or, how do you carry yourself? is recognized the native gay motion and incessant bustle.

Anecdotes of Peter the Great.—Russia, in the time of Peter the Great, had several large iron manufactories; some of these he visited with great assiduity, and learnt the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well in that trade that in one day he forged alone 18 poods of iron; equal to 720 pounds weight, and put his own particular mark on each bar. This was performed at the forges of one Muller, at Istia, 90 wersts from Moscow. One of these bars, authenticated by Peter's mark, is still shown at the same forge at Istia. Another, forged also with the Czar's own hand, is shown in the academy of Sciences at Petersburgh; but this last was forged at Olonetz, on the 12th of Oct, just before his death, which happened in 1725. This bar weighs 120 pounds. Peter, on the receipt of his day's wages from Muller, went directly to a shop and purchased a pair of shoes, which he took great pleasure in showing on his feet, saying to those who were present—'I have earned them well, by the sweat of my brow, with hammer and anvil.' The Czar once passed a month at Istia, and when he worked at the forges the noblemen of his suite were obliged to blow the bellows, to stir the fire, to carry coals, and perform all the offices of journeymen blacksmiths.—*Raikes's City of the Czar.*

[From Tales and Sketches, by a Christmas Fireside.]

AUNT SARAH RUSSELL.

A CHARACTER.

'Long hadst thou been to me a friend beloved,
And still warm blessings gushed into my heart,
Meeting or parting with thy smiles of peace.'

If there ever was a being in this lower world who deserved to be an angel in a better one, it is 'aunt Sarah Russell,' the name by which the whole village designate the owner and sole occupant of a little cottage in the western part of Massachusetts. She is not, however, what poets or lovers call angels, and it is very possible that the term, as applied to her, might shock the sensitive feelings of these two classes, as she is neither young nor beautiful—qualities which seem to be indispensable to the existence of those ethereal beings whom men are apt to think of when they talk of angels. Young she doubtless *was*, like all of us, but she also grew older like us all, (I found a white hair the other day, though I am only thirty-two!) and no one that looks for an instant on the sweet aspect of benevolence and meekness and simplicity that adorns her faded countenance, could suspect that the expression of that countenance could ever have been less than beautiful.

The neatness visible in her own person, and the perfect arrangement of every article in her small but not inelegant dwelling, from the luxuriant woodbine that lattices her windows down to the most trifling utensil in her kitchen, all give you a perfect idea of her character. There is an air of quiet and repose pervading every thing around, and the very humming of the bees seem more hushed and tranquil here than elsewhere; and for herself, there she is, as kind, cheerful, and serene as if the world were a fairy palace, and the dwellers in it were all good as she is.

She it is who cures all the coughs and sore fingers in the neighborhood; who dresses dolls for the children, and makes pincushions for the mothers; who furnishes the best of all possible receipts for pickles and preserves; reconciles all differences, adorns all the brides, and gives a finishing grace to the bows on every straw hat within two miles round, and in the midst of all these heterogeneous pursuits preserving the same calm and benevolent deportment, and practically giving the lie to the sage remark so often quoted, viz., that old maids must be cross. Blessings on her kind and benevolent heart! one such woman is enough to redeem the whole sisterhood from such unmerited contempt as fops and coxcombs always endeavor to heap on them. In the midst of all this, she preserves an air of dignity which awes the most daring and profane. In her presence no one ever presumes to utter anything approaching to an oath, or to a sneer against religion. Faithful to her friends in the discharge of all friendly offices towards them while living, her affection for them discovers itself still brighter when the closing scene approaches. It is there that her piety shines forth with redoubled light, as she wipes the death-damps from the brow of the sufferers, and points him to 'the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.'

I shall never forget one bright sunny day in autumn, when I, with a half a dozen wild creatures like myself, were invited to visit her pleasant dwelling. It was September, and the heavy dew which had fallen the evening before, was rolling upwards in misty columns and sparkling in the rays of the morning sun. There was not a cloud in the blue sky for the rest of that beautiful day, and everything around us lay in such deep tranquillity that it seemed almost as sacrilege to break the silence as we did with the sound of our joyous laughter, ringing out in clear, merry tones till the whole wood echoed again.

It was our autumnal vacation, and we had been, for several months under severe school discipline at a genteel boarding 'establishment,' and delightful, indeed, it was to exchange the harsh looks and mean diet which had fallen to us, for the sweet smiles and delicate food that we found at aunt Sarah's hospitable board. It warmed our hearts for months afterwards, even to the two cross old women who superintended our education, starved our bodies and soured our tempers, for the trifling sum as they used to call it, of 'four hundred dollars a year, paid quarterly in advance, the pupils being furnished with all things necessary for their use.' This sum our parents ungrudgingly paid, thinking we should come home proficients in every branch which the Misses Wardwell *professed* to teach. We did learn the names, indeed, but this was all. Our teachers *talked* of all the sciences in a breath, but in fact they knew but very little of them; a circumstance which we failed not to discover, in consequence of which the starving and scolding system received a little extra support. At this time, aunt Sarah was a bright picture in our young imaginations, and we wrote to her entreating her to redress our wrongs by exposing the severity with which we were treated, and trusting to her to find some way or other to release us from a confinement so irksome.

The letter was, however, intercepted by a meddling favorite, such as are always found a boarding schools, and the whole affair was thrown upon my head. We were all taken away from that school soon after, and removed to one more distant; and our only regret was that we should no longer be near aunt Sarah.

My lot, as well as that of my companions, has since that period, partaken much of the changefulness and instability of life. Some of our number have gone down to the grave in the loveliness and vigor of youth, others in the prime of life; but those of us who still remain yet cherish in our hearts the remembrance of that sunny day. To me, its memory has been 'one of the green spots that bloom o'er the desert of life.'

I visited aunt Sarah in one of my wanderings excursions last summer. The same beautiful and tasteful arrangement is still visible in all her little affairs, the same perfect neatness in her person; but a snow-white cap covers the once black and glossy hair, now changed to silver gray, and a pair of spectacles affords aid to the eyes which still beam with the very spirit of goodness and benevolence; and she sits there in her little parlor, surrounded by the beauty and fragrance of nature, the same kind gentle being who presided over our youthful sports, on that sweet September day.

Brotherly Affection.—An instance of true brotherly affection, which we are sorry to say is rather rare in these times, occurred on Tuesday last, at Shrewsbury fair. A small farmer had brought some sheep to dispose of, and after remaining in the fair for some time, he was applied to by several 'buyers,' and offered sundry sums of money for the sheep, which were refused by the farmer, because, as he observed, the 'offers' were below the market price. After remaining for a considerable time without another chance of sale from those who know how to bid where they think money is wanting, a gentleman, elegantly attired, stepped up, and asked the price of the sheep, and was answered 27s. a-head. The gentleman pressed for a few moments a reduction in the price, though evidently laboring under strange emotions; when the poor farmer gave utterance to his feelings in the following language: 'I have a large family at home, and have struggled for many years to keep my head above water, but (he continued, with a look of despondency) I cannot hold out much longer.' 'Well,' said the stranger, 'I will give you 40s. a-head for them (drawing from his pocket a roll of bills), and will also provide for your family.' The farmer looked confounded for a time, till the stranger revealed himself as his brother, who had made a fortune, and resided at — Hall, in affluence, in the neighborhood. It appeared, that as the gentleman was walking through the fair, he observed the farmer, and recognised him as his brother, though he had left his home for twenty years, and was supposed to have died many years ago.

A Wood Bee is the name used, as we see by a notice in the Monrose (Pa.) Register, to designate a call for the farmers to devote a day to the cutting and drawing of wood for the poor. Mr Cox, one mile from the place, generously offered to supply all the wood that could be cut and drawn in a day.

VALUABLE MUSICAL WORKS.—The Boston Academy's Collection of Church Music—Published under the direction of the Boston Academy of Music, consisting of the most popular Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Sentences, Chants, &c. old and new; together with many beautiful Pieces, Tunes and Anthems, selected from the works of the most distinguished masters—new edition.

The Boston Handel and Haydn Society's Collection—Edited by L. Mason—new edition. The character of this work is too fully established by its extensive circulation throughout the country, and the approbation it has received in England, to need any remarks at the present time.

The Choir, or Union Collection of Church Music—By L. Mason. Much of the music in this work is entirely new, and has been drawn from the highest sources of musical taste and science—new edition.

Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music.

The Odeon—A collection of Secular Melodies, arranged and harmonized for four voices, designed for adult Singing Schools, and for Social Music Parties By G. J. Webb and Lowell Mason, Professors in the Boston Academy of Music.

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